

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CLERKE RYCHARDE AND MAYD MARGARET.

"A man must nedes love maugre his hed,  
He may not fleen it though he should be ded."  
*Chaucer.*

THERE were Two who loved each other,  
For many yeares, till hate did starte,  
And yet they never quite could smother  
The former loue that warmed theire harte;  
And both did loue, and both did hate  
Till both fulfilled the will of Fate.

Yeares after, and the mayd did marrye  
One that her harte had ne'er approued;  
Nor longer could Clerke Rycharde tarry,  
Where he had loste all that he loued;  
To foraigne landes he recklesse wente,  
To nourish Loue, Hate, Discontente.

A word, an idle word of Follye,  
Had spilled theire loue when it was yonge;  
And Hatred, Grief and Melancholy,  
In either hearte as idle sprng,  
And yet they loued, and Hate did wane,  
And much they wished to meete againe.

Of Rycharde still is Margaret dreming,  
His image lingered in her breast;  
And oft at midnight to her seeming  
Her former louver stood confeste,  
And shedding on her bosom teares,  
The bitter wrecks of happier yeares.

Where'er he wente by land or ocean,  
Still Rycharde sees Dame Margaret there;  
And everie throb and kind emotion  
His bosom knew were felt for her;  
And neure newe loue hath he cherished,  
The power to loue, with first loue perished.

Homeward is Clerke Rycharde sayling,  
An altered man from him of olde;  
His hate had changed to bitter wayling,  
And loue resumed its wonted holde  
Upon his harte, which yearned to see  
The hauntes and lounes of Infancie.

He knew her faithlesse, nathless ever,  
He loued her though no more his owne;  
Nor could he proudly nowe dissever  
The chaine that round his hearte was thrown.  
He loued her, without Hope, yet true,  
And sought her, but to say adieu.

For euen in parting there is pleasure,  
A sad swete joy that wrings the soule;  
And there is a grief surpassing measure  
That wll not byde nor brook control,  
And yet a formal fond leave-taking  
Does ease the harte albeit by breaking!

Oh there is something in the feeling,  
And tremblyng faulte of the hande;  
And something in the teare down stealing,  
And voyce soe broken, yet so blande;  
And something in the worde Farewell  
Which worketh like a powerful Spel.

These Lovers met and never parted;  
They met as Lovers wonte to do,  
Who meet when both are broken hearted,  
To breathe a laste and long adieu;  
Pale Margaret wepte, Clerke Rycharde sighed,  
And folded in each other's arms, they died.

Yes, they did die ere word was spoken,  
Surprise, Grief, Love, had chained their tounge,  
And nowe that Hatred was ywroken,  
A wondrous joy in them had sprung;  
And then despaire froze either harte  
Which lived to meete, but died to parte.

Clerke Rycharde he was buried lo  
In faire Linlithgow, and his Love  
Was layde beside him there, and lo  
A bonny tree did grow above  
Their double grave, and broad it flourisht  
Greene o'er the spot where first Love perisht.

THE CHAUCER WINDOW, WESTMINSTER ABBEY. — A memorial of Chaucer has been set up in Poet's Corner, immediately over his tomb. The design is intended to embody his intellectual labours and his position amongst his cotemporaries. At the base are the Canterbury Pilgrims, showing the setting out from London and the arrival at Canterbury. The medallions above represent Chaucer receiving a commission, with others, in 1372, from King Edward III. to the Doge of Genoa, and his reception by the latter. At the top the subjects are taken from the poem entitled "The Floure and the Leaf." On the dexter side, dressed in white, are the Lady of the Leaf and attendants; on the sinister side is the Lady of the Floure, dressed in green. In the tracery above, the portrait of Chaucer occupies the centre, between that of Edward III. and Phillippa his wife; below them, Gower John of Gaunt; and above are Wicliffe and Strode, his cotemporaries. In the borders are disposed arms. At the base of the window is the name Geoffrey Chaucer, died A. D. 1400, and four lines selected from the poem entitled "Balade of Gode Counsaile: "

Flee fro the press, and dwell with soth-fastnesse,  
Suffice unto thy good though it be small;

That thee is sent receyve in buxomnesse;  
The wrastling for this world asketh a fall.

This window was designed by Mr. J. G. Waller, and executed by Messrs. Thomas Baillie and George Mayer. It is a brilliant piece of colour, and an interesting addition to the attractions of the Abbey. This and the Brunel window deserve the attention of students of modern stained glass. Chaucer's tomb should now be cleared of some of the disfigurements around it.

Builder.

From Fraser's Magazine.

DEAN MILMAN.

THE loss which the death of the 'great Dean' will be to the thinking world is one difficult to measure precisely because of its depth and extent. His vocation was to vindicate the great principles of free thought beyond and independent of the religious controversies of the day, the heresy of one obscure parson, the fine clothes of another, or the power of colonial bishops to torment each other. These questions seemed almost petty to one whose mind comprehended the ranges of centuries, where he had seen them battled over again and again, varying only in the various dresses with which our different ages clothe the same thought.

In one sense a thousand years was in his sight a tale that is told. He seemed in his highest moods to be saying, 'Even you Liberals do not see how these questions come and go like the waves of the sea. I cannot care as much as you do for their small ins and outs; I know that the great tide is rising; I have done my best to help it on, and to show the world how in the course of ages it has been continually, if slowly, gaining ground. Now I am content to wait — I have finished my share in the work.'

Strife to that calm intellect of his was so essentially antipathetic that he could not enter cordially into the struggle, and this prevented his having the immediate influence on the combatants which very inferior men attained; on the other hand, it will always make his works a storehouse for those who believe that the world cannot be doomed for ever to do and to undo its work, but must be intended to benefit by the mistakes and the experience of those who went before us — a truth which we seem now somewhat in danger of forgetting. The past has weighed so heavily beforetime on the progress of the world, that we are tempted now to ignore its value.

The heresies of one generation become the commonplaces of the next; the *History of the Jews* is now called 'colourless.' It was considered of so vivid a hue when first published, that its author's career in the Church was stopped short at the mild repose of a deanery. He did not regret his fate; he was freer to speak what he thought. There was indeed but one post which he

would have liked better than his own, and though he did not grudge to his younger and more successful friend the succession to the 'mitred abbots of Westminster' (a post which combines some of the power of a bishop with the freedom of a dean), yet he did not conceal that it would have pleased him for many reasons. 'I am the last learned man in the Church,' he is reported once to have said. 'Good parish priests, good men of business, with a fair knowledge of books and men, these there will be plenty of; no sinecurists; hard working pastors, but not learned; — indeed there is hardly room for the article.' If there were any doubt of the truth of his saying, let any one consider the impossibility of finding a successor to his varied knowledge. It was a curious illustration of the belief that learning is neither popular nor profitable, that the publisher of the *History of the Latin Church* (surely somewhat miscalculating the feeling of the reading public, who, if they bought the book at all, would certainly not be deterred by the addition of a volume), persuaded its author to compress his matter: which, as the series of facts could not be curtailed, deprived the world of an immense amount of valuable illustration and detail in the great work.

His mind was singularly judicial, impartial, and upright in its character. The credit which this most learned man desires to vindicate for himself in his modest preface, 'that his sole object is truth, truth uttered with charity,' coupled with a declaration, that 'where to him it has appeared unattainable,' he has 'given no opinion, unwilling to claim authority where there is not evidence.' His was one of the minds which are content to remain respectfully in doubt, 'where the absence of materials, or of opportunity to use them,' deprives them of a secure standing point, 'whereas in general the native impatience of the human mind disdains that fortitude of resignation which is implied in rejecting all but verified facts and verified conclusions.'

In some cases the passionless flow of his history contrasts curiously with the picturesque account of the same scenes by a later historian, as, for instance, in that of the Council of Nicæa; but on the other hand, there is perhaps no finer instance of the

noble eloquence to which the great Dean sometimes (although rarely) rises, of the grand impartiality, and yet of the deep feeling which formed so striking a combination in his mind, than is to be found in his account of the Trinitarian controversy in that very chapter. After describing how, for the first time, 'a purely speculative tenet agitated the populace of great cities, occupied the councils of princes, and determined the fall of kingdoms and the sovereignty of a great part of Europe,' he proceeds: 'In morals, in manners, in habits, in usages, in church government, in religious ceremonial, there was no difference between the two parties which divided Christendom. The Gnostic sects inculcated a severer asceticism, and differed in their usages from the general bodies of Christians. The Donatist factions began, at least, with a question of church discipline, and almost grew into a strife for political ascendancy. The Arians and Athanasians first divided the world on a pure question of faith. From this period we may date the introduction of rigorous articles of belief, which required the submissive assent of the mind to every word and letter of an established creed, and which raised the slightest heresy of opinion into a more fatal offence against God, and a more odious crime in the estimation of man, than the worst moral delinquency or the most flagrant deviation from the spirit of Christianity.'

He goes on to show how 'the controversy could hardly be avoided, when the exquisite distinctness and subtlety of the Greek language were applied to religious opinions of an Oriental origin. Even the Greek of the New Testament retained something of the significant and reverential vagueness of Eastern expression. This vagueness, even philosophically speaking, may better convey to the mind those mysterious conceptions of the Deity which are beyond the province of reason than the anatomical precision of philosophical Greek.

'The first Christians were content to worship the Deity as revealed in the Gospel; they assented devoutly to the words of the sacred writings; they did not decompose them, or with nice and scrupulous accuracy appropriate peculiar terms to each manifestation of the Godhead.'

Then follows a most interesting dissertation on the 'different ways in which the conception of the Deity suffers at the hands of men,' either by over subtlety removing him too far from us, or impersonating him into a merely human being. 'Among the causes,' he says, 'which contributed to the successful propagation of Christianity, was the singular beauty and felicity with which its theory of the conjunction of the divine and human nature, each preserving its separate attributes, on the one hand enabled the mind to preserve inviolate the pure conception of the Deity, on the other to approximate it, as it were, to human interests and sympathies. But this is done rather by a process of instinctive feeling than by strict logical reasoning.'

He next gives an account of the extent to which a sort of Platonism, of a more oriental and imaginative cast than that of the Athenian sage, had become universal; the idea of the Logos, the connecting link between the unseen world and that of man, which had entered all the religions of the world; it had modified Judaism, it had allied itself to the Syrian worship. 'Alexandria, the fatal and prolific soil of speculative controversy, and where it was most likely to madden into furious and lasting hostility, gave birth to this new element of disunion in the Christian world. Different sects, the Sabellians, and the Patripassians, had put forward their heretical interpretations, but the question was now taken up by the intellectual masters of the age. The contest was no longer for mastery over obscure communities, but for the Roman world. The proselytes whom it disputed were sovereigns. It is but judging on the common principles of human nature to conclude, that the grandeur of the prize supported the ambition and inflamed the passions of the contending parties, that human motives of political power and aggrandisement mingled with the more spiritual influences of the love of truth, and zeal for the purity of religion.'

'The doctrine of the Trinity, that is, the divine nature of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, was acknowledged by all. To each of these distinct and separate beings, both parties attributed the attributes of Godhead, with the exception of self-ex-



istence, which was restricted by the Arians to the Father. Both admitted the ante-mundane being of the Son and the Holy Spirit. But, according to the Arians, there was a time, before the commencement of the ages, when the Parent Being dwelt alone in undeveloped, undivided unity. At this time, immeasurably, incalculably, inconceivably remote, the majestic solitude ceased, the divine unity was broken by an act of the Sovereign Will, and the only begotten Son, the image of the Father, the Vicegerent of all the divine power, the intermediate Agent in all the long subsequent work of creation, *began to be.*

'Such was the question which led to all the evils of human strife — hatred, persecution, bloodshed. But, however profoundly humiliating this fact in the history of mankind, and in the history of Christianity an epoch of complete revolution from its genuine spirit, it may be fairly inquired whether this was not an object more generous, more unselfish, and at least as wise, as many of those motives of personal and national aggrandisement, or many of those magic words, which, embraced by two parties with blind and unintelligent fury, have led to the most disastrous and sanguinary events in the annals of man.'

Dr. Milman concludes by giving credit 'to the opponents of Arius for a vague, and however perhaps overstrained, neither ungenerous nor unnatural jealousy, lest the dignity of the Redeemer might in some way be lowered by the new hypothesis.' How many of the disputants who use the word as a sort of missile have any clear idea of what Arian means according to this definition?

Again, in a different line of thought, although it is somewhat singular how rarely the sense of humour which so strongly characterised the Dean's social intercourse found expression in his books, yet the quiet ironical touch which one would expect from his hand comes out occasionally with wonderful force, as in his account of the condemnation at Sens of Abelard's religious heresies when he had himself appealed to Rome: 'The martial unlearned prelates on the council vainly hoped that as they had lost the excitement of the fray, they might escape the trouble and fatigue of this pro-

found theological investigation; but Bernard would not spare them, and the objectionable parts were read aloud in all their logical aridity. The bishops, whose wits were quite unable to follow the flights of the audacious reasoner, still with unanimous chorus replied at the end of each proposition, "damnamus." As they grew weary they relieved their fatigue by wine; the wine and the weariness brought on sleep; the drowsy assembly sat on, some leaning on their elbows, some with cushions under their heads, some with their heads dropping on their knees. At each pause they murmured "damnamus," till at length some cut short the word, and faintly breathed "namus" — their orthodox horror continuing unwearyed to the end.

The world has made progress in the seventy-eight years of his career, and it was as a mark how far the tide had risen, quite as much as on account of any personal feeling, that he rejoiced in 1865 on having been asked to preach at Oxford, and to publish his sermon, — that Oxford in which he had been preached against, and in a manner ostracised, nearly forty years before, for his *History of the Jews*, and where his greatest work is now a text-book for the period to which it belongs.

'Why don't they attack me? that is *my* heresy,' he has been heard to say when the Holy Inquisitors of Convocation or Congresses or Synods have been worrying some helpless parson. But it was known that it would not answer to assault one so extremely well able to defend himself, and to set forth all reasons, historical, metaphysical, and moral, for the faith that was in him; one so little swayed by passion or prejudice, so correct, so learned, so patient and so wise.

Besides which, sheltered in such large and thick octavos from the observation of most of the reverend gentlemen who aspire to decide these questions for their brethren, if not for the public, such expressions of thought seem to pass unnoticed. It might indeed be well so far to interfere with the liberty of the subject to be ignorant if he pleases as to institute an examination in the Dean's nine volumes of the *History of Christianity*, before any Pope (with the belief at least in his own infallibility), in or

out of Convocation, presumes to offer an opinion on any matter therein discussed.

It is indeed a misfortune to have lost the man who had a right out of his own experience of both books and life to tell the rising generation of thinking men, whose minds refuse to run in the rut of Puseyism or Evangelism, that there is a philosophy of religion which has survived the contests of the Monophysites and Monothelites, the Nestorians and Eutychians, the heresies with strange names born of the contact of Christianity with the ancient faiths of the world both East and West, which he has described so well—a faith which is common to both the Trinitarians and the Arians, the monks of the Thebaid and the comfortable English rector. In recounting indeed that 'History of Human Error' (which he lived to complete, though 'Mr. Caxton' did not), one would fancy that he must have become nearly desperate if he could not have shown his conviction that there was a unity deeper than all the differences which those good men thought so important, a truth under all their blunders and blindnesses, and shortcomings of intellect and heart, which lives and grows with the world's growth, though the progress may be slow to trace, which belongs to all time and all nations, as the human expression of the infinite—a true glimpse, though it must be a dim one, of that God who has not left us without a witness of Him at any time; or, as St. Augustine words the same idea, 'that matter which is now called the Christian religion was in existence among the ancients; and has never been wanting from the beginning of the human race.'

Again he was tolerant even of the intolerant, and loved to show how 'the beauty of Christianity could underlie even the most extreme opinions; the love of human nature which could survive Calvinism and Predestination in their most terrible shapes, Augustine and Luther, the Roman Catholic Jansenists, the Puritans, and the Methodists, showing that many of the best and noblest Christians could yet hold the most frightful and godless forms of faith. Such is the triumph of the Christianised heart over the logic of the Christian understanding.'

It must have been difficult with such evidence constantly before his eyes, to give even their legitimate value to the questions of vestments and candles, of discipline, and infinitesimally small heresies; of how far in short the mantle of the Church may be stretched in different directions by her discordant children. 'Have not these things been written' over and over again, 'in the

Book of the Chronicles' of the religions of our race? Difficult perhaps for him even not to feel a touch of that contempt with which the great old communions of East and West regard the disputes of our most insular and most self-sufficient of Churches. Whenever the scattered portions of his work in the world of thought are collected, it will be seen, however, in how many different ways he vindicated freedom, as in his paper read before the Church Commission on getting rid of the subscription to the Articles, which was published in this Magazine, where he shows how 'the doctrines of the English Church are not only more simply but more fully, assuredly more winningly, taught in our liturgy and our formularies than in our Articles.' He goes on to trace how 'some of these were directed against opinions now entirely obsolete, that they are silent and ignorant inevitably about those which are new, and no safeguard or security against them,' that however justly and wisely it is said that the eternal truths of Christianity shall never pass away, religious thought and opinion, and above all religious language, are not exempt from the great law of universal progression and variation.' He then enters on the different controversies of the last thirty years to show 'the utter inadequacy of Articles written in the sixteenth century to meet the religious wants and necessities of the nineteenth.' 'I am an old man,' he winds up, with touching emphasis, 'and fully sensible of the blessings of a quiet life. Still I am bound not to disguise or suppress my judgment.' I stand absolutely alone in moving this resolution. I know that I speak the sentiments of a very large and I think increasing body even among the clergy. But all my life I have kept aloof from party, and this is no party move. *Liberaci animam meam.*'

As he began so he ended. The value of the spirit beyond the letter; of the substance above the form; the truth under divers forms of error, the error mingled with what we take to be the truth. The passage from one of his earliest works has already been given; in his latest published sermon he says: 'Orthodoxy of creed? has that insured the orthodoxy of the Christian heart which breathes only Christian love? I am one of those who believe torturing our fellow creatures a worse heresy against the Gospel than the most perverse of those opinions of the miserable victims led by thousands to the stake.'

In the last chapter of his last work, he sums up with his characteristic calm impar-

tiality the merits of Latin and of 'Teutonic' Christianity, as he calls the reformed faith, and shows, like himself, the exaggerations to which each is subject. 'Latin, the more objective faith, tends to materialism, to servility, to blind obedience or blind guidance, to the tacit abrogation if not the repudiation of the moral influence by the undue elevation of the dogmatic and ritual part. It is prone to become, as it has become, paganism with Christian images, symbols, and terms. . . .

'Teutonic Christianity, more self-depending, more self-guided, more self-wrought out, is not without its peculiar dangers. It may become self-sufficient, unwarrantably arrogant, impatient, not merely of self-control, but of all subordination, incapable of just self-estimation. It will have a tendency to isolate the man, either within himself, or as the member of a narrow sect, with all the evils of sectarianism, blind zeal, obstinate self-reliance, or rather self-adoration, hatred, contempt of others, narrowness, exclusiveness, fanaticism, undue appreciation of small things.'

He goes on to point out 'the deep irresistible insurrection of the Teutonic mind against the theory of intervention between itself and its God; the idea that the priest has absolute power to release from sin; without omniscience to act in the place of the Omniscent; this which, however softened off, is the doctrine of Latin Christianity, has become offensive, presumptuous; to the less serious, ludicrous. It will doubtless maintain its hold as a religion of authority, of outward form, an objective religion' (in another place, he adds, 'a materialistic religion,') and so possessing inexhaustible powers of awakening religious emotion; . . . and as such it may draw within its pale proselytes of congenial minds from a more vague and subjective, more national faith. As a religion of authority, it spares the soul from the pain of thought, from the harassing doubt, the desponding scruple. . . . Independence of thought, which to some is their holiest birthright, their most glorious privilege, their sternest duty, is to others the profoundest misery, the heaviest burthen, the responsibility from which they would shrink with the deepest awe, which they would plunge into any abyss to avoid. What relief to devolve on another the oppressive question of our eternal destiny! He closes with a noble passage, which is indeed 'the conclusion of the whole matter,' and which shows how the scientific spirit of research into the facts of Christianity may be combined with the truest and

deepest faith in its spirit. 'I pretend not to foretell the future of Christianity, but whoever believes in its perpetuity (and to disbelieve it were treason against the Divine Author, apostasy from his faith), must suppose that by some providential law it must adapt itself, as it has done with such wonderful versatility, but with a faithful conservation of its inner vital spirit, to all vicissitudes and phases of man's social, moral, intellectual being.'

'What distinctness of conception, what precision of language may be indispensable to true faith; what part of the ancient dogmatic system may be allowed silently to fall into disuse as beyond the proper range of human thought and language; how far the sacred records may without real peril to their truth be subjected to closer investigation; to what wider interpretation, especially of the Semitic portion, those records may submit, and wisely submit, in order to harmonise them with the irrefutable conclusions of science; how far the eastern veil of allegory which hangs over their truth may be lifted or torn away to show their unshadowed essence; how far the poetic vehicle through which truth is conveyed may be gently severed from the truth, — all this must be left to the future historian of our religion. As it is my own confident belief that the words of Christ, and his words alone (the primal indefeasible truths of Christianity), shall not pass away, so I cannot presume to say that men may not attain to a clearer, at the same time more full, comprehensive, and balanced sense of those words than has as yet been generally received in the Christian world. As all else is transient and mutable, these only eternal and universal, assuredly whatever light may be thrown on the mental constitution of man, even on the constitution of nature, and the laws which govern the world, will be concentrated so as to give a more penetrating vision of those undying truths. Teutonic Christianity) and this seems to be its mission and privilege) however nearly in its more perfect form it may already have approximated, may approximate still more closely to the absolute and perfect faith of Christ; it may discover and establish the sublime union of religion and reason, keep in tone the triple chord of faith, holiness, and charity, assert its own full freedom, know the bounds of that freedom, respect the freedom of others. Christianity may yet have to exercise a far wider if more silent and untraceable influence, through its primary all-pervading principles, on the civilisation of mankind.'

It is only by his own ideas, expressed in his own words, that such a mind as that of the Dean can be adequately given, and such 'concentrated essence' of thought cannot be condensed into an article. Where shall we now find a man so learned, so wise, so full of the best knowledge, so able and willing to use it for the service of man? in whom indeed

Old experience did attain  
To something of prophetic strain?

When that grand old head, with the keen intellect in those eyes which age could not dim, the sense of humour about the mouth, and the feeling of power in the whole manner and expression came before one, it made that well hackneyed word, 'venerable,' seem fresh when applied to him; and when 'the very Reverend the Dean' was announced it appeared an appropriate title expressly invented to describe him.

The feeling which he inspired in his family and those privileged to enjoy his friendship showed how deep was the affectionate nature of the man in that portion of his life with which the outside world has no right to intermeddle; and his beautiful hymns, written long before hymns had become the fashion, and three of which at least are now part of the devotional expression of the nation, are a measure of that true piety which no one possessed in a higher degree.

His body rests under that great church which he did so much to improve and make useful to his people, and where that clear solemn voice, with its weighty utterances, was so often heard; his thoughts, his best self, have become part of the intellectual and moral inheritance of his race on both sides of the Atlantic.\*

From Macmillan's Magazine.

PEEL.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

PEEL—he belongs now to the past, and the baronetcy may be laid aside—had the misfortune to be bred a Tory, and deeply committed to Toryism at a moment when the end of Toryism was near. This, with the fell exigencies of party, darkened a career which, though in a certain sense eminently successful, is spoken of on the whole rather with a feeling of sadness. He was more fortunate, however, than William Pitt: Pitt setting out as a popular Minister, ended by being the slave of oligarchic reaction; Peel setting out as the servant of

\* His works have all been stereotyped in America.

oligarchic reaction, ended by being the Minister of the nation. In the early character of each man we see as usual the germ of the later. Pitt, a parliamentary and economical reformer, did not hesitate to allow himself to be made Minister by an unconstitutional exercise of the power of the Crown. Peel as a youthful Irish Secretary, carrying on the work of Tory coercion in Ireland, was already an Irish reformer.

Peel sprang, and derived the leading features of his character, from the very core of English industry. His ancestors were yeomen in the north of England. His father and grandfather were leaders in the great march of industry which marked the latter part of the last century, and which made Lancashire what it is. They were not inventors, like Hargreaves, Arkwright, or Watt, but they were clear-sighted and open-minded appreciators of inventions, which they applied with energy and success. They were, in short, as manufacturers, what their descendant was as a statesman. Solid worth, integrity, fortitude, indomitable perseverance, the best qualities of the industrial character grafted on that of the yeoman—the qualities by which English trade, in that day at least, was distinguished, and of which it had reason to be proud—marked the industrial career of the Peels. The vicissitudes of trade they encountered with brave hearts. Sir Lawrence Peel has told us how, at the time of a great financial crisis, when sinister rumours touching Mr. Peel's solvency were abroad, Mrs. Peel put on her best clothes and went to church to brave out calumny. Conflicts with machine-breaking artisans, which the Peels, like the other introducers of machinery, had to encounter, may have given a Tory bias to the temper of the house. Immense wealth in the end flowed in: as usual, a great part of it was invested in land; and, as usual, the object now was to found a family. The baronetcy came from Pitt, the disciple of Adam Smith, who, by studying the commercial interests and financial questions which the aristocratic and classical statesman of the day commonly disdained, had bound commerce to his fortunes. One of the most devoted of these commercial Pittites was the first Sir Robert Peel. He embraced with fervour the whole creed of his leader, its fallacies included. He voted for the Resolution, that a depreciated paper note was as good as a pound sterling; and he suffered great anguish when he found himself the father of a bullionist and a resumer of cash payments.

The old man conceived very ambitious hopes for his promising son, and did, it

seems, some mischief by not keeping them to himself. The young Peel was to be a second Pitt, and he was led in his boyhood to the altar and devoted to the gods of Castlereagh and Eldon. Thus he was a bondsman to Toryism before he had begun to think. As a set-off he was reared in a home where the middle class virtues reigned, where the moral law was observed, where labour was honoured, where frugality was regarded in the midst of wealth. It was also a religious home, and Peel to the end of his life was a religious man with a sincere sense of responsibility to God.

He was sent to the most aristocratic school of the day, and to the most aristocratic university. Both at school and at college he worked hard. His examination in the Oxford schools was an ovation, and gained him what were then the unprecedented honours. According to Oxford tradition, he had already contracted the heaviness and pomposity of diction, which official life confirmed, and which were fatal, not to business speaking, but to eloquence. He is said, in translating the passage of Lucretius, *Suave mari magno*, to have rendered *suave*, "It is a source of gratification." Harrow and Oxford taught him only classics and mathematics; but his speeches show that he read a good deal of history, and he acquired law enough for the purposes of a legislator. In after life he loved scientific men, and took interest in, and was capable of forming a rational judgment on scientific questions. The philosophy of history was still unborn, and therefore history was to him, not a chart and compass, but at most a record of experience. His theology seems to have remained simply the Church of England Protestantism, though he grew, later in life, more liberal in his sentiments towards Roman Catholicism and Dissent. His ecclesiastical appointments, when he was a Minister, were mainly "High and Dry." He abhorred the Neo-Catholic school of Dr. Pusey and Dr. Newman, and by it he was in turn abhorred. In him Anglo-Saxon antipathy to priestly domination was the root of the aversion.

Entering Parliament under the evil star of a great school-boy reputation, he nevertheless succeeded, not in a brilliant, but in a solid way. The doom of his mental independence was soon sealed by promotion to office under Percival. Shortly afterwards, under the Liverpool government, he was sent, when only twenty-four years old, as Chief Secretary to Ireland. It was a proof that his business qualities and his strength of character were respected, but a more

calamitous distinction could not have been conferred upon a young man. For six years, the most critical years of all for the formation of character and opinion, he was engaged in upholding Ascendancy and doing the evil work of coercion. The embers of 1798 were still glowing, the struggle for Catholic Emancipation was raging, and large districts of the island were a prey to agrarian conspiracy, and outrage, which assumed almost the dimensions of an agrarian civil war. Peel's associates were the satellites of Ascendancy, some of them red with the blood of '98, men whose cruelty towards the subject race was equalled only by their corruption. Corruption and force were, in fact, the only springs of Government, and it was impossible that the Chief Secretary should not be familiarized with the use of both. It is creditable to him that he did not contract a love of either: that his employment of force was measured, and, as far as circumstances would permit, humane, and that he never, we believe, was suspected of perpetrating a job on his own account. Peel was young, his blood was hot; he was goaded by the foul and slanderous vituperation of O'Connell, who, if he did much by his energy to advance Catholic Emancipation, did much by the recklessness of his tongue to retard it. Yet Peel scarcely ever lost his temper: he scarcely ever uttered a harsh word against the Irish people or their religion: on the contrary, he spoke of them as a nation in terms of kindness and respect which bear the stamp of sincerity. With repression he tried to combine measures of improvement. He gave the country a good police: he attempted to give it united education. To introduce united education was impossible while the relations of the two religions and the two races to each other were such as they then were; almost as impossible as it would have been to introduce united education for whites and blacks into the slave states of America. Peel afterwards renewed the attempt under more favourable circumstances, but perfect political and religious equality is the first condition of its success. Such a policy, however, redeems him from the imputation implied in the nickname of "Orange Peel." He in fact seemed lukewarm to the bigots and terrorists of Ascendancy. And this, let us repeat, was at twenty-four.

Once, it was well known, O'Connell stung Peel, to what in the present day would be a ruinous absurdity, though in the days of Castlereagh and Canning it was a matter of course, and in Ireland almost an inevitable tribute to a Carib code of honour.



Had the two men interchanged shots they might possibly have been reconciled. As it was, the feud endured as long as their lives. Once an equivocal overture for a reconciliation was made on one side, but it was repelled upon the other.

Orange orgies were, of course, intolerable to a man of Peel's culture and of his moderation. Hence he stood rather aloof from Castle and Dublin society; and this isolation, together with his early subjection to the formalities and restraints of office, produced, or perhaps confirmed in him a want of social tact and address, which stood in his way when he had to lead an aristocratic party. Not that any man was more fond of the society of his friends, or gayer or more genial in his hour of ease; but his general manner was stiff and cold, even towards those whom he desired to attract and please. He was shy, and one who knew him well has been heard to say that though he was perfectly at home with the House of Commons, he would almost shrink from the eye of one of its messengers. This, no doubt, had its root in the same nervous temperament which rendered him, like many men of fine intellect, very sensitive to pain: but a more social life during his early manhood might have cured the defect.

There is reason to believe that Peel gave great satisfaction to merchants and men of business, in the discharge of the ordinary duties of his secretaryship. And here let it be said emphatically that the weak side of Peel's character as a statesman, is that on which critics almost exclusively dwell, his relations with a party and his share in organic legislation; the strong side is that which is passed over in comparative silence, his ordinary and practical administration. For a quarter of a century, at least, he was without question the first public servant of England; not the first in position only, but in knowledge of the public business, and in capacity for transacting it throughout all its departments; the man to whom all good public servants looked up as their model and their worthy chief. He must be credited with all the industry, the self-control, the patience, the judgment which such a part required. His integrity was as great as his other qualities: no jobbery, no connivance at abuses stains his name. Setting party questions aside, he was the man who would have been chosen as the chief ruler of England by the almost unanimous voice of the English people, and a heavy price was paid for party when he was excluded from the administration during ten of the best years of his life, and banished from

power at the moment when the national confidence in him was at its height.

It was perfectly natural, apart from Peel's temperament and the influence of his early connexions, that hatred of administrative abuses and openness to administrative reforms should be united in him with a rooted dislike of organic change. The greater an administrator is, the more contented with the existing organs of Government he is likely to be. Such characters have their value in politics, though they fall short of the highest: they deserve our sympathy, at least, in comparison with those of politicians in whom the love of organic change, or the readiness to accede to it, is the result of administrative incapacity or indolence; and who, having no solid claim to public confidence or to the highest place in the State, turn a minority, which is the settled measure of their own feebleness as statesmen, into a "practical," that is, a factitious majority, at the expense of the public safety, by "taking leaps in the dark" with the destinies of the nation.

As Irish Secretary, Peel had, of course, to take a leading part, it soon became the leading part, in the opposition to Catholic Emancipation, and he thus became desperately committed on that question; and this was when the war with Napoleon was just over, and the stream of domestic progress, icebound for twenty years, was beginning once more to flow. We look back now with wondering pity on the reasonings of Peel. Yet it must be remembered that erroneous as these reasonings were on the broad ground of policy and justice, on the narrow ground taken by Peel and his principal antagonists alike, he was right and they were wrong. They asserted, he denied, that the Church Establishment of Ascendancy would stand firm when the political equality of Catholics had been recognised by the law; and we see that it was doomed to that very time. Let no man pledge himself or guarantee any settlement against logic: for as reason in the end rules the world, logic in the end is fate. England yields to it more slowly than other nations, but even England yields to it at last.

His opposition to Catholic Emancipation no doubt it was in the main, though not wholly, that gave Peel the representation of Oxford University — another link in the chain which bound him. We say it was not wholly his opposition to Catholic emancipation, because, undoubtedly, there was even among liberal-minded men a general mistrust of the character of Canning. Peel made this change in his position an excuse

for escaping from the horrors of Ireland. He refused to take any other place, and remained out of office for three years, an independent supporter of the Government, to whose aid he came, with the distorted chivalry of officialism, in the case of the Peterloo massacre, though he kept aloof from all the filth and folly of the proceedings against Queen Caroline. In this interval it was that he had the glory of restoring the currency, and that he laid the foundation of an economical and financial reputation which was in his case, as it had been in the case of Sir Robert Walpole, as it must be in the case of every minister of a great commercial nation, a sure talisman of power. He played this great part at the age of thirty-one. The Economists in making him Chairman of their Committee paid a tribute no doubt, not only to his ability and good sense, but to his openness of mind. In economy the spirit, bound by Toryism in other departments, may enjoy its freedom with seeming safety; but the examples of Peel and Gladstone, both made Liberals through economy, show that the safety is only seeming.

Peel's return to office as Home Secretary under Liverpool was a return to the work of repression. Now, however, as before in Ireland, he redeemed the work of repression by uniting it with reform. He gave London a good police; and he carried a great reform of the criminal law. In the reform of the criminal law he had been preceded by Romilly and Macintosh; but every practical statesman must be preceded by great thinkers—the two parts can hardly be sustained by the same man. Peel's bills, though they dealt with so vast a multiplicity of details, passed almost as they were brought in. Whether from his superior diligence and conscientiousness, or from his want of courtesy, it never happened to him to pass a bill with his own name on the back, and a short title suggested by himself, but with the contents contributed by miscellaneous hands. In the same spirit he maintained as Minister the initiative of the Government, and refused to pump the House for a policy. This was called "turning the House of Commons into a vestry, and the House of Lords into a guard-room." Each is now a football-field, in which the ball of organic legislation is kicked by the players at large towards an uncertain goal. It may be safely said, that at the beginning of the session of 1867 not twenty members of either House meant to pass household suffrage, and least of all the Prime Minister.

The materials for deciding the personal questions connected with the promotion of Canning's Government are hardly even yet

before the world. We venture with diffidence, to express our own conviction that Peel acted in all essential respects honestly and candidly towards Canning; that so far from caballing against him with the Duke of Wellington and Lord Eldon, he was scarcely acting in perfect concert with the Duke, and did not communicate with Eldon till the crisis was over; and that he really wanted just what he professed to want—a reconstruction of the Government, with a Premier in the House of Lords, and Canning as leader in the House of Commons. It was impossible for him, as he said with truth, to act as Home Secretary, responsible for repression in Ireland, under a Premier who was the leading advocate of Catholic Emancipation. That he aimed himself at being Prime Minister we do not believe; he was ambitious, but his ambition was under the control of his good sense, and its aim was not nominal position, but the solid possession of power: he must have known that he could not be the real head of a Government of which Canning was a member, and to be a Marquis of Carabas was by no means in his line. If people think that he was so unobservant of the signs of the times as to wish at this moment to get into a separate cockpit of reaction with Eldon and the Duke of Wellington, we believe they never were more mistaken in their lives. The Duke of Wellington personally disliked Canning, who, as he thought, courted the King by mean compliances, and whose general character, tainted, as it unquestionably was, with a tendency to intrigue, was highly uncongenial to his own. But there is no reason to believe that this personal antipathy was shared by Peel, who had long sat at Canning's side in the House of Commons, and had felt his fascination. That any of the attacks on Canning were instigated by Peel, is an insinuation of which we have seen no proof: those attacks needed no instigation; and by far the bitterest of them were made by men wholly beyond the range of Peel's influence. The suddenly developed Liberalism of the author of the Anti-Jacobin, and the most insolent and offensive of all the satellites of Tory reaction, surprised and delighted his old enemies: it surprised, but could hardly be expected to delight, his old friends. It was very natural that Canning should think that he had a right to the premiership—in point of talent he unquestionably had a right; but he manœuvred for it with his usual dexterity, and when he objected to the Duke of Wellington on the ground that he would be a military dictator, supposing

the objection to be sincere, he was hardly acting as a friend towards the Duke. We view all this through the halo of Canning's Liberalism and his melancholy death—a death which saved his reputation as a Liberal, for on the question of Parliamentary Reform he was just as reactionary as Wellington or Peel.

Peel did not feel much respect for the statesmanship of the Duke of Wellington, and the Duke did not particularly love Peel. We may therefore trust the Duke on a point of character which he was sure to mark well: "Sir Robert Peel never said anything which he did not believe to be the truth."

The Wellington and Peel Government was a most vigorous effort to stave off organic change by administrative Reform. The estimates have never been so low since. By the retrenchment of places and pensions, the ship of Toryism was cleared of a good many barnacles: but the barnacles were not pleased, and they conspired with Whigs and betrayed Protestants in overthrowing the ministry. It would have been as well for the head of that ministry if it had fallen without passing Catholic Emancipation. Under our system of party government, the conversion of a minister on a great question should be accompanied by a *bona fide* tender at least of power to the opposition. There is, however, no reason to doubt Peel's honesty in this affair: to resist organic change till it could be resisted no longer was then and always the natural tendency of his mind. For the rest, the change was made openly and frankly, and accompanied with a full tribute to the memory of Canning. It enraged the Orangemen of course, but it left no stain upon the honour of public men, shook no rational man's confidence in the integrity of British Statesmen.

Had Peel been the head of the Government instead of Wellington, it seems possible that he might so far have recognised necessity as to bring forward some half measure of Reform. But he would never have satisfied the demands of the nation. Sentence has long since been passed on his policy, and that of all the opponents of Reform. But two things should be remembered in extenuation of their error. In the first place, they had no experience of organic change except in the disastrous case of the French Revolution. In the second place, in the controversy respecting Reform, as in the controversy respecting Catholic Emancipation, upon the ground taken up by both parties alike, they were in the right, and their opponents were in

the wrong. The Whigs maintained that the Reform Bill of 1832 was not democratic: Peel maintained that it was: and Peel's opinion has proved true. The Reform Bill of 1832 bore in its womb the Reform Bill of 1867; and the Reform Bill of 1867 bears in its womb, without any shadow of doubt, a democratic constitution.

Peel saved, at all events, the honour of his party at the cost of his own long exclusion from power, and he taught them to accept loyally the new order of things and to regain their old power by new means. Among all the anti-revolutionary statesmen of Europe, he was perhaps the only one who succeeded in forming a powerful party, resting not on force or corruption but on free opinion, yet thoroughly opposed to revolution. If anybody thinks that this was a commonplace achievement let him inquire of M. Guizot. Alone he did it. The elements of Conservatism of course were there; the English love of order, the satiety of change, the timidity of rank and wealth. But that which gave the elements unity and consistency was the leadership of Sir Robert Peel; his integrity, his unequalled administrative capacity, his financial reputation, above all, perhaps, his sympathy with the middle class, which the Reform Bill had raised to power. Peel led the aristocracy without gaining their affection; he sympathized heartily with the people; but he was himself middle class. The Ministry of 1834 was premature, and was forced on Peel by a crisis, in the production of which he had no hand. But it turned out well for Peel and his party; it showed the nation what Conservatism was; that it was not reaction; that it was practical reform and good government; and that its chief was by far the ablest administrator of the day. From that moment the restoration of the Conservatives to power, for a time at least, was assured. When Peel was afterwards taxed with ingratitude to his party, somebody said that Moses might as well have been taxed with ingratitude to the Israelites for leading them through the Red Sea. This was putting the case high, but certainly never did a party owe more to the sagacity and industry of its chief.

The name Conservative was happily chosen. The party are now trying to get rid of it; and rightly, for they have got rid of the thing. *Constitutionalist*, *Tory*, and *Tory Democrat*, are the names between which their choice wavers. *Constitutionalist* will hardly fit men who have just purchased a twelvemonth's office by an

organic change in the constitution; there would be reason to fear that some one would call a "constitutional government" an "organized hypocrisy." It will probably be under the name of Tory, or Tory Democrat, that they will continue their downward plunge, and show what it is for phrase-mongers and lovers of the political turf to tamper with forces which have laid the monarchies of Europe in the dust.

Nothing is more remarkable than the patience with which, at an age when ambitious men are most restless, because they feel that life begins to wane, he waited for real power. Nor was this merely the prudence of a farsighted ambition. Peel was an Englishman to the core, and thoroughly patriotic; he respected government, and would never have consented to overturn it by a trick. When the hour came, he was a minister indeed. Apart from the brief coruscation of Canning, and the government memorable, but rather revolutionary than administrative, of Lord Grey, the eye, in ranging over the half century ending with 1846, rests on three great administrations, that of Chatham, that of his son, and that of Peel. The glories of the Peel government, like those of the government of Pitt, were financial; but it was a thoroughly good government in all departments, trusted at home, and respected by foreign nations. It was, in fact, a far better government as a whole, and for ordinary purposes, than either that of Chatham, in which the War Office alone was great, or that of Pitt, in which some of the departments were very weak. Its one great failure, as most people would think, was in the matter of railroads; and of that failure we have heard more than one account from persons who ought to be well informed.

It has been said that Peel was not a good judge of men. He managed, however, to get together an administrative staff such as no English minister had ever had before him. No doubt he lacked the eagle-eye of intuitive genius; but on the other hand, he watched men carefully, he knew good work when he saw it, and no shade of groundless antipathy or personal jealousy ever interfered with his appreciation or reception of any man who was likely to be a good colleague or lieutenant. If he was at all wanting in range of sympathy, he can hardly be said to have been wanting in practical comprehensiveness of choice, for his staff included men of character, and minds as widely different as possible from his own. In truth, it was so heterogeneous that to have held it together was a signal proof of the capacity and ascendancy

of its chief. If he was guided a good deal by general reputation to the sort of ability which he wanted general reputation was a pretty safe guide. He was very anxious to bring forward young men; and if from his defect of manner he had not the power of fascinating them, he did make them thoroughly feel that he took an interest in them, and that their merit would not pass unobserved. The practical question, however, is, if he was so bad a judge of men what mistakes did he make, either in the way of commission or omission? Only one specific charge, so far as we are aware, has been brought against him, and that in the way of omission. But the person in question, according to his own eulogists, revealed his parliamentary ability for the first time by a series of personal attacks on Sir Robert Peel. Before that, he had endeavoured to attract his leader's notice only by venomous vituperation of Peel's opponents, which Peel, identifying the dignity of his eminent opponents with his own, did not care to encourage, or with fulsome adulation of Peel himself, which Peel had the sense and good taste to abhor. If Peel's memory is to be arraigned, Lord Derby, who shared the responsibility, ought to be put into the witness-box. The better the facts of this case are known, the more it will be acknowledged that Peel did what was right for the public service, for his party, and for his own honour.

The fall of Peel's government was a fatal blow to Conservatism, not only in England but in Europe. It had great influence over the kindred government of Louis Philippe, and would probably have saved the French monarchy by its counsels from the desperate policy which brought on the revolution of 1848.

"Trojaque nunc stares, Priamique arx alta maneres."

No doubt the end of Conservatism would have come; but it might have been longer in coming, and have come in a milder form.

There is no longer any question as to the necessity of the Repeal of the Corn Laws; nobody who is not fit for a political Bedlam now maintains that the rapidly growing population of a great manufacturing, commercial, and mining nation ought to have been confined to the food produced on its agricultural area in order to keep up rents. Nor can there be any question as to Peel's conduct towards the Opposition: towards them, he did all that the rules of the unwritten constitution required: he was not bound to do more, considering that their own sudden conversion to Free Trade was

a transparent party move. The only question is whether Peel behaved rightly towards his party. And the answer to this must depend mainly on the answer to the further question, What is the duty of a party leader, who is also at the head of the nation, towards his followers, when events have proved to his conviction that party policy is no longer compatible with the national interest, or even with the national safety?

Peel was in principle a Free Trader: he was known to be one, and suspected on that account by the extreme Protectionists of his party. But he was an honest victim to the same fallacies which had misled Pitt on the special question of Corn Laws, and particularly to the notion that their repeal would occasion violent fluctuations in the price of food. He was also sincerely anxious to uphold the landed aristocracy, though he had shown clearly enough that he would not sacrifice the nation to the mere commercial interest of the agricultural party. Probably, being trained to economical reasoning, he was more or less shaken by the progress of the discussion. Then came the famine, which had the same decisive effect on his mind as the crisis of the Catholic agitation in 1829. That the landowners should be very angry at his conversion was natural; but we ask again, as a minister charged with the interest and safety of the nation, what was he to do? What could he do but act rightly towards the nation and take the consequences of party vengeance as he did?

It is said that he should have called his party together. The remark is natural, but was it not certain that if he did, the mass of them would go with Lord Derby, and thus bad would be made worse? They have recently been wheedled by caucusing into household suffrage. But household suffrage only touched their principles; Free Trade as they thought touched their pockets. After all, the best of them, in or out of office, did go with their leader, or at least acquiesced in his policy and would have continued to follow him. Nor was it on the Corn Laws, in fact, that his Government fell. It fell by an intrigue, the contriver of which, though he assumed the guise of Protectionist in order to take advantage of the resentment of that section against the minister, was himself a Free Trader, and had commenced a series of malignant attacks on Peel long before the repeal of the Corn Laws was threatened, and from motives entirely unconnected with that question.\* This gentleman has him-

self narrated the cause of the intrigue in the biography of his "friend" Lord George Bentinck, with a frankness which leaves history nothing to desire. He gloats over the picture of Sir Robert Peel seeing the country gentlemen, whom he had so long led, file past him to the destruction of his government. Could the veil of the future have been lifted, Peel might have seen the same men filing past the same spot, first to condemn Protection and then to carry household suffrage, in order to gratify the personal ambition of Mr. Disraeli. It was their meet reward for hounding on slanderers against the honour of a chief who had given life to their party under the ribs of death, and whose motives they must have known to be honourable and patriotic whether his course was right or wrong.

One incident of these debates, triumphantly described by Mr. Disraeli as "the Canning Episode," was an attempt of the two "friends" to fasten upon the personal honour of Peel a charge of having continued dishonestly to oppose Canning on the Catholic question, when he had himself intimated to Lord Liverpool that the time for concession had arrived. The charge was totally unfounded: it was in fact the very reverse of the truth, which was that Lord Liverpool himself was shaken, and was prevented from giving way by the obstinacy of Peel; Mr. Disraeli himself has formally withdrawn it, though he characteristically labours to leave on the mind of his readers the impression that it is true. As far as he is concerned the conclusive answer to it is that long after the events in question he had himself written florid panegyrics on the "chivalry" of Peel. From what source Lord George Bentinck, who led the attack, derived the calumny, may be matter for speculation. Mr. Disraeli says that it was the tradition of his hearth. If so it is rather remarkable that a man of his temperament, having been Canning's private secretary, and closely connected with him by marriage, should have become, as Mr. Disraeli says he did, one of the most ardent followers of Sir Robert Peel, and should, even when Mr. Disraeli on a previous occasion taunted Peel with treachery to Canning, have ascribed the attack to personal motives.

Lord Derby, at a public dinner at Liverpool some years ago, stated that he had sounded the Duke of Wellington as to the reorganization of the Conservative party, and that the Duke in reply had expressed

Robert Peel on the ground of provocation given by Peel in the debates on the Corn Laws. The attacks, we repeat, had commenced in their full malignity long before.

\* A recent article in *Blackwood*, inspired, but not accurate, justifies the attacks of Mr. Disraeli on Sir



his opinion that after what had happened Peel could not be leader again, and that Lord Derby ought to take that place. The Duke had been a member of the Government which repealed the Corn Laws, and was of course responsible for that measure, as well as Sir Robert Peel; but as Emperor Sigismund was "above grammar," the Duke was above all ordinary rules, and the position and responsibilities of constitutional Ministers were things which to the end of his life he seemed unable to understand. Thus, Lord Derby was consecrated to the leadership, and having been always restless in subordinate positions, he was made perfectly happy by being placed in the most subordinate position of all. In the course of twenty-two years he has three times snatched a brief period of office, and paid for it by ruinous sacrifices of principle and moral position. The "policy," which was to be so much more consistent, intelligible, and statesmanlike than that of Peel, consists, in its latest development, of exclusion of dissenters from the Universities and of Jews from Parliament, Irish Church Establishment, an unreformed House of Lords, and Household Suffrage. As to the grandiloquent promises of taking in hand the "Condition of England question," they sleep with the poetry of Lord John Manners. There has not been an attempt to fulfil them; while the energies of the party have been of late years mainly absorbed in hunting down the only statesman of the day who has made any serious effort to improve the condition of the people.

Peel never again showed any disposition to form a party, or to encourage any one to follow his banner. But if he had lived, the

nation would probably have brought him into power in defiance of the old parties, and would thereby perhaps have given a severe shock to the old party system. He would have come in, not, we are persuaded, to initiate organic change, — which was absolutely alien to his mind, — but to do all that could be done in the way of the broadest administrative and economical reform. He would thus have smoothed the way and prepared the spirit of the nation for the organic changes which, in the course of human progress, had become inevitable. What is more, he would have taught the nation a wholesome lesson of loyalty to a truly national Government. His Government of 1841 was in fact rapidly attaining this national position when it became entangled in the fatal difficulty of the Corn Laws, and fell a sacrifice to personal animosity and intrigue.

Peel by his will renounced a peerage for his son and a public funeral for himself. It would probably be a mistake to think that his mind was moving on the subject of the peerage, of which he had always been so loyal and scrupulous a conservator; he only meant that, like a man of sense, he did not want to have a peerage in his own family. In his dislike of a public funeral, something may have mingled of shrinking from hatred and calumny, as well as of the natural desire of a genuine worker after a long day's work, to repose in privacy and peace. Be this as it may, not among those whom he rivalled, but among those whom he loved, rest the ashes of Robert Peel. They are the ashes of as able, as upright, and as faithful a public servant as ever did the work of the English nation.

**DISINFECTANTS. — On Thieves' Vinegar. —** ( *vinaigre des quatre voleurs* ) contains the volatile oils of wormwood, rosemary, sage, spearmint, rue, lavender, calamus aromaticus, cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, and also that of garlic, extracted from these substances by macerating them in strong vinegar. After the fluid is filtered, camphor, dissolved in spirits of wine, is added to it. The repute of this vinegar as a disinfectant is founded upon a story, that four thieves, who plundered the dead bodies during the plague at Marseilles with perfect security, on being questioned respecting the cause of this impunity, confessed, on the condition of their

lives being spared, that they attributed it solely to the use of the above aromatic vinegar. *On Pastiles. —* Pastiles, as disinfecting agents, are utterly useless; they are relics of an ancient custom of burning frankincense and other odorous substances in vitiated air, to overcome the factor which is more or less present. They disguise unpleasant odours; but they accomplish nothing more. The infection remains not only unaltered by the diffusion of the most powerful aromatic vapours, but its deleterious properties are sometimes augmented by them. The same remarks will apply equally to tobacco and camphor.

By a Physician.

## CHAPTER V.

## TOTTERING.

'WHAT very odd people they must be!' said Madeleine Burdett to Mrs. Haviland, in the course of a conversation relative to the visit of Lord and Lady Bredisholme.

'And what very fatiguing people they are!' replied Julia, who was lying on her sofa, with all the appearance of weariness.

'It is such an old-fashioned proceeding, if there were nothing else odd about it,' continued Madeleine. 'It seems so absurd to us to think of these negotiations and solemnities on the part of heads of families about matters that the young people settle for themselves now. Fancy being "asked in marriage" in that grand way! I wish I had been behind the curtains, aunt, or even listening at the door.'

'I wish you had, Maddy; it would have amused you to watch the noble Viscountess, between whom and myself there never was anything but the barest civility. There was that woman—who could not possibly care, and if her own interests had not been involved would not have known, whether I was alive or dead—affecting the utmost solicitude about my health, talking learnedly about the nervous system—I am sure she hasn't one of her own—and occasionally throwing in little bits of pious admonition, which her solemn lord accepted with reverence.'

'But how did she contrive to turn the conversation in the direction of me?' asked Madeleine.

'She did not turn it, dear; she drove straight at the subject. The whole thing—deprived of its circumlocutory phrases, and of the Viscountess's exposition of the magnificence of the Bingham (positively in this world, and prospectively in the next)—resolved itself into this: the noble lord and lady are aware that your uncle has adopted you, and means to leave you all his disposable property; and, provided there is no doubt on that point—as they also know that the Honourable Mr. Bingham is attached to you—they wish us to understand that they would not object to his marriage with you. This is really what passed; and I verily believe the incomparable pair had a notion in their heads that you had been led to reject Herbert on account of your modest sense of your own unworthiness—which did you credit, no doubt, but which they were amiably and condescendingly anxious to remove.'

'O aunt, what fun for Verner! You really must tell him yourself; I could not attempt it. Were you not strongly tempted

to tell them who the individual was to whom my unfortunately undisciplined affections had attached themselves—poor blind impulses, unregulated by a due sense of the distinction between an elder and a younger son? How could you resist it, aunt?'

'Very easily. I had not the least inclination to afford them the satisfaction of knowing that they were likely to keep your fortune in the family. On the contrary, I have always felt rather vexed about that, and annoyed with Verner for being Lord and Lady Bredisholme's son. One takes to him at first just on that account, but it has its inconveniences afterwards.'

'Of course they regarded my attachment as presumably unfortunate?' continued Madeleine.

'O dear yes, most unfortunate. Indeed, Lady Bredisholme was so pathetic, so pious, and so insolent about it, that I was strongly tempted to turn her out of the room. I refrained, I do believe, only for Verner's sake—it would have been awkward for *him* you know, Maddy.'

'She hinted that your judgment was immature, your tastes were unformed, your knowledge of society incomplete, and our conduct in permitting you to dispose of yourself at your age anything but commendable. She kindly consoled me with an assurance that Mr. Bingham would not relinquish his intention of marrying you—which must inevitably secure your temporal and eternal welfare—if you should repent, or, as the Viscountess expressed it, "come to your right mind." Don't look incredulous, Maddy; she actually did!'

'I wonder whether she will regard me as only partially restored to reason when Verner tells her? At all events, she will be savage with you when she finds out the truth, for she must then know that all this time you were laughing at her.'

'She certainly cannot avoid finding that out,' said Julia; 'but—don't be shocked, Maddy—you have reproached me sometimes lately with having much less power of enjoyment in me than I used to have; there is one unalloyed pleasure, I assure you, still within my reach—it is that of making Lady Bredisholme savage.'

'Verner will be here in a week, aunt: it seems impossible!'

'In a week, will he? Yes, to be sure; this is Wednesday. Lord and Lady Bredisholme mentioned casually the probability of the return of their younger son.'

'Papa wants me to go to Leytonstone for a few days,' said Madeleine, 'and to go with him to the Derings for a day or two—

Red House, you know. I cannot settle my mind to any thing just now, and I feel as if doing this would get me over the time better. You don't mind, aunt, do you? I should not think of going if you were not so much better—as you really are.'

'I know that, my dear,' replied Mrs. Haviland. 'You may go with a perfectly easy mind about me. And I think it will be a good way of disposing of an interval in which I suppose I could not expect even so perfectly-reasonable and well-disposed a young lady to be quite amenable to reason.'

'I mean to be very good,' said Madeleine; 'not to count the days, or get into a panic about accidents, or anything. And I mean to finish my new drawing at Leytonstone; for I dare say I shall not touch it for some time after Verner comes home. Did you see Mr. Holmes to-day, aunt?'

'No; has he called?'

'The footman was interrogated, and produced Mr. Holmes's card.'

'That is provoking,' said Madeleine; 'I sha'n't see him now till I return; for papa wants to take me down with him in the forenoon. He is sure to come to-morrow. You will tell him I had to go, and was so sorry not to see him?'

'Yes, I will tell him,' said Mrs. Haviland. And, after a short pause, she added rather thoughtfully, 'You were so very confident that Mr. Holmes would not be so foolish as to fall in love with you, Maddy, that I did not like to renew the subject; but, do you know, I really think it is well, on his account also, that Verner is coming home, and your position going to be definitely settled? I am sure that we have treated this young man quite fairly.'

Julia's manner was serious and troubled.

'One does things so thoughtlessly,' she continued. 'I should not care a straw for the feelings of a dozen captains, or a score of honourables; but I am sorry for what I cannot mistake in the case of Mr. Holmes. If he has ceased to remember, to any practical purpose, the difference between our position in life and his—and I fear he has—the fault is ours, the misfortune is his. Tell me—I need not say honestly, for everything you say is honest—don't you think it is quite as well your drawing-lessons and our afternoon-readings should be nearing their natural conclusion?'

Distress and embarrassment had depicted themselves very plainly in Madeleine's face while her aunt was speaking, and as she concluded tears rose in her bright brown eyes.

'I hope you are wrong,' she said. 'I do hope you are quite wrong. It is from no

absurd pride, I assure you, that I have felt so sure this could not be, but—but I did think he liked me very much, and I hoped we should always be such friends, he and Verner and I. And now, if you are right, I have only done him harm, only made him unhappy. All my pleasant anticipations must come to nothing, and our acquaintance must cease, I suppose?'

'I am afraid so, Madeleine. If Mr. Holmes has the good sense to keep the feeling which I suspect him of entertaining to himself, and to take the revelation which awaits him calmly, and get over it like a sensible man, as you may be quite sure your other admirers will get over it, all may be right. But I don't think he will; I am afraid he will not: there is something about him which makes me think he is not a man to take things quietly. I fear our intended kindnesses to him have been cruel.'

'Aunt,' said Madeleine, who had turned very pale, 'I hope you don't think I have done wrong; I hope you don't blame me.'

'Certainly not,' replied Julia promptly. 'I perfectly understand how this has happened, without intentional or actual wrongdoing on your part. You must not fret about it, Madeleine; it is not your fault; but it is a pity. I am glad you will not see this young man again until Verner is here to take his proper place beside you.'

'Could you not—would it not be well, if you could manage to tell him before I return?' said Madeleine slowly, with painful hesitation, which proved to Mrs. Haviland that an instant conviction of the correctness of her suspicion had struck her niece—'to tell him, I mean, about Verner. It would be so unpleasant, so painful, if he—if anything happened to expose him to mortification or ridicule.'

'You are right, Maddy,' said Mrs. Haviland. 'If possible this ought to be done; and if I have the chance of doing it judiciously, I will do it. But I must be very careful; nothing could so deeply mortify him as any betrayal on my part that I suspected and was warning him.'

'I am sure you will do whatever is right,' said Madeleine. 'It seems like absurd vanity to think there is any difference between his feelings and those of the other tiresome creatures who have taken a fancy to me; but you are almost always right, and I fear you are not mistaken in this.'

'Then trust me, dear,' said Mrs. Haviland, 'to get you out of a distressing position with as little pain as possible. And now, cheer up, and let us change the subject; you must not go down to Leytonstone in the doleful dumps, you know.'

Madeleine smiled, not very brightly, and held out to her aunt an open letter.

'Will you glance over that?' she said; 'I did not like to send it off until you had seen it.'

Julia took the letter, and read it carefully. It was addressed to the Reverend Hugh Gaynor, Hotel Meurice, Paris, and in it was enclosed the message which Honorine had written, and confided to the waiter at Meurice's for Herbert Bingham.

'That will do very nicely indeed,' said Mrs. Haviland, as she gave back the letter to Madeleine, who went to the writing-table to seal it. 'It will gratify Mr. Gaynor to find you have not forgotten his anxiety, and he will be glad to know that you can feel so much for the sorrows of another in the midst of your own happiness.'

Madeleine looked up, while her hand was still pressing the seal on the letter. She had never seen Julia Haviland's face turned upon her with so much love, with so much softness; she had never heard that peculiar tone in her voice before. For the first time in her life Madeleine thought a mother might look at her child, a mother might speak to her child like that — and at the same instant the thought passed through Julia's mind that Selina Burdett herself could not have failed to appreciate this girl as she deserved, that it would be no small privilege to call such a creature daughter. Never before had the hearts of these two women been drawn so near together. But they made no sign. A few bright tears gathered in Madeleine's eyes, and rolled down her cheeks, but she said nothing.

'At all events, it was civil of Herbert Bingham to let you know that Mr. Gaynor was expected in Paris,' said Mrs. Haviland; 'we must give him his due, so far as acknowledging that goes; if he had been spiteful he need not have sent you the message.'

'O, I don't think he is spiteful,' said Madeleine; 'and I think he sent me word about Mr. Gaynor as a kind of preliminary to finding his way back here on the old terms, just as if nothing unpleasant had happened. You think my letter will quite do, aunt?'

'Certainly; it is all right. I rather wonder Mr. Gaynor has not written to your uncle.'

'He is sure to write from Paris,' said Madeleine, and then she laid her letter among those to be posted, and the conversation reverted to it no more.

On the following day, a little before noon, Mr. Burdett's mail-paqueton drew up before the door of Stephen Haviland's house, and

Madeleine took her seat in that vehicle of which her father was not a little proud. Madeleine had never presented more bright, more beautiful, a more perfect impersonation of youth, gaiety, happiness, and grace, than she did at the moment when, as the horses started, she looked round once more to nod to Stephen Haviland, who was nodding to her out of his library-window, and her glance encountered that of Horace Holmes, who had at that same instant come up to the house-door. Yesterday, a bright, sweet smile, perhaps even a slight gesture of her hand, would have accompanied Madeleine's bow, as she hastily recognised him, but to-day a deep, burning, painful blush suffused her face. He saw it, and the mad hope, the wild belief, that were within him, leaped up in strength and brilliancy, like a flame fed with oil. The emotion was unmistakable; she loved him. To have come into her presence thus suddenly, and with the irrepressible evidence which suffused her fair cheek and dyed her forehead crimson, and doubted, would have been impossible to Horace Holmes.

Stephen Haviland came into the hall, and forestalled the servant's replies to Mr. Holmes's inquiries. Mrs. Haviland was better, surprisingly well that day, and would see him, Stephen was sure. Miss Burdett was going to stay at her father's place in Essex for a few days. Mr. Holmes had had no intention of intruding on Mrs. Haviland so early; he had merely come to leave a promised book of sketches for Miss Burdett. But Stephen persisted in taking him upstairs to Mrs. Haviland's boudoir, and there he found Julia, not looking surprisingly well by any means, in his opinion; on the contrary, looking weak and worried.

Julia had thought a good deal of what had passed between Madeleine and herself, and had turned in her mind a variety of ways in which she might make the communication to Horace Holmes which her preception of the requirements of the case rendered imperative. 'He is no conventional, well-dressed, well-born, booby,' she thought, 'but a man to take a thing of this kind seriously, if not fiercely. I never thought I should find myself sympathising with love-trials; but I am sorry for him, and displeased with myself, which is harder to bear. I have largely helped to put him in a false position. It was unkind, and wrong.' To undo this now would be difficult, almost impossible. How was she to make a communication to him of a confidential nature, which nothing in his relations with her or the family entitled him to receive, and yet save his pride, and her own delicacy from

the insult of volunteering a warning against his forming a hopeless attachment to her niece?

There was nothing for it, but to trust to the inspiration of the moment when she should next see Horace Holmes. Here he was now in her presence, and she did not feel any inspiration, but, on the contrary, the oppression of opposing difficulty and conviction.

As it happened, Julia's indecision was not the sole impediment to the all-important communication, which would have included a potent warning, being given. Stephen Haviland's presence precluded that possibility, and he remained in the room; which was so contrary to custom at that hour, that it seemed to Julia like a fatality, while at the same time she felt it a relief that she must defer her task.

Just as Stephen had said something about having to look over parliamentary papers, and was about to leave the room, Mrs. Fanshaw was announced. She had been asked to luncheon, and caused her hosts to regret their hospitality by arriving an hour too soon, in order to inflict upon Julia a family talk, — her peculiar abhorrence, but to which she did not feel strong enough to make her usual gallant resistance. Horace Holmes had only the slightest possible acquaintance with Mrs. Fanshaw, and instantly rose to take his leave. He and Stephen left the room together.

'Mr. Holmes is a fine-looking young man,' said Mrs. Fanshaw, when she had deposited herself in a chair with a good view of a mirror, and satisfactorily arranged her chains, rings, and bracelets. 'Is he one of the Shropshire Holmes's?'

'I have not the slightest idea who his relatives are, or where he comes from,' replied Mrs. Haviland, in a tone of supreme indifference.

'Haven't you?' said Mrs. Fanshaw. 'Then I suppose Tom and I have been mistaken; we thought he was some relation of yours.'

'A relative of mine, Fanny! What can have put such a notion into your head? Who said so?'

'No one, that I knew of,' said Mrs. Fanshaw carelessly. 'Tom said Mr. Holmes was about the house a good deal, and he supposed he must belong to the Peyton family in some way, he had such a look of you.'

'Mr. Holmes like me! How very odd! Do you see any likeness?'

'O dear, yes, quite remarkable. Only he is so very dark. But then, you know, all the Havilands have an extraordinary

faculty for seeing likenesses; it is quite a family gift. And so Mr. Holmes is not a relative? Tom will be quite surprised.'

Mrs. Haviland made no reply. A strange and unpleasant sensation took possession of her. It was not dread or suspicion, knowledge, hope, or presentiment; but in some inexplicable way it partook of the character of all these, and it crept through her mind and body at once with a perturbing thrill. The idea that anything which Mrs. Fanshaw — who was held by her sister-in-law to be the superlative fool of the family — could say, should make one instant's impression on Julia Haviland was ludicrous, was humiliating, and yet the remark did produce a sensible effect. Mrs. Fanshaw had it all her own way that afternoon; she catechised Julia about Herbert Bingham and Madeleine, about Stephen's affairs, and the latest additions to Julia's own wardrobe, dwelt at length on the might and magnificence of the Havilands, and blew the Bredisholme trumpet to her heart's content.

'I shall see Mr. Holmes to-morrow,' Julia said to herself, and said it with a formal decision, as though she were determined to repress any extraneous suggestion of an additional meaning in her intention to that which it would have borne in the morning. 'And I will see Eliot Foster the first day I am able.' The unspoken resolve in her mind was, 'I will not think of this; I will not let this foolish woman's words excite one idle notion in my brain.'

It was rather remarkable that Julia's body seemed just then to lend much aid to her mind in maintaining this desirable tranquillity. She felt, in a dreamy sort of way, as if they had struck work at the same time; for when she lay down in her bed that night there came over her a feeling that her ever getting up out of it any more was equally impossible and undesirable, and all her faculties slumbered at once. But she was stronger in the morning, and thought over it all; but only a little, for she was inclined to sleep after she came downstairs, and felt so calm and restful that she did not understand why her maid should wish Miss Burdett was at home, and remark that it was a good many days since Doctor Litton had seen Mrs. Haviland.

Horace Holmes did not call at Berkeley-square on that afternoon, or on the next, or on the third; and on the fourth, that of Sunday, Mrs. Haviland wrote a note to him, in which she requested he would call upon her at his earliest convenience. Mrs. Haviland's footman carried the note to Mr. Holmes's lodgings, but was informed that



that gentleman was not at home. He had gone away that day, carrying with him a small carpet-bag; had not mentioned where he was going, but had mentioned that he should probably return in two or three days. His attention should be directed to the note as soon as he returned.

Horace Holmes had left Mrs. Haviland's house in a state of mind which resembled intoxication.

No more doubt, no more fear for him. The next time he should see Madeleine Burdett he would be a free man, relieved from the secret burden he had so madly imposed upon himself; the next time he should speak to her it would be to claim the love which his own merits, which her beautiful blushing face had owned and promised. Another day, or at most two, must bring him Alice's answer to his letter: he could not conceive that she would dare to send him any reply but one, and there need be no delay about that.

But Alice did not answer her husband's letter. He called at the post-office in the street he lived in, morning and evening, for two days after he might have had her reply, but there was no letter for him. Then ungovernable rage took possession of him, and he resolved that he would see Alice, and make her feel the full weight of his anger and his hatred.

It was on a beautiful May morning that he formed this resolution. A bright, soft, happy-feeling Sunday morning, when the church-bells were ringing, and even on the crowded city calm and peace had fallen for a little while. There was no public conveyance by which he could reach Carbury that night; but his restlessness and his rage made waiting intolerable to him. He would go as far on his journey as he could on Sunday, and get to Carbury early the next day. Madeleine would be at Berkeley-square again on Tuesday, so Mr. Haviland had said. He might possibly see her that evening or the next; he could venture to go to the house without a formal invitation now. So his thoughts wavered between the promptings of hatred and the dreams of love; but the first were to be obeyed before the last could be realised.

The flower-decked, mirrored, marble-floored vestibule of the Hôtel Bristol in Paris, was the scene of much movement and some confusion at noon on the previous day. A number of visitors had arrived, many requiring apartments, and all refreshments, immediately, and the waiters were

busily engaged in attending to these welcome orders, and taking directions about luggage, which, especially when given by ladies, were generally of a complicated and distracting kind. In the midst of all this bustle, a gray-haired gentleman, quiet, thin, and sad-looking, apparently unencumbered with luggage, and neither hungry nor tired, waited, with a patient, unexacting air which contrasted strongly with that of the other persons present, and which produced its natural effect—he was allowed to wait; nobody took any notice of him until everyone else had been disposed of, when a waiter asked him if he required anything.

'I wish to see one of the chambermaids here,' replied the gray-haired gentleman. 'Her name is Honorine Duclos; have the goodness to let her be sent for.'

The man bowed, and having shown the visitor into a small den, apparently constructed for tourists of an eremitical turn of mind, he retired to the bureau, where amidst a profusion of narrow looking-glasses and marble slabs, a dark female, handsomely dressed, sat before a kind of counter, in a red-velvet chair, with her feet on a little square of carpet, which slid about every time she moved on the highly-polished, but exquisitely-uncomfortable, floor. Between the dark female and the waiter a consultation ensued, which resulted in Honorine's being summoned, not at all willingly; for they did not approve of visitors who only came to talk to their *gens*, and who displayed no intentions in the direction of *consummation*.

The gray-haired gentleman waited a good while in the hermit's den, where the chief objects of interest were a table set out with a shrunken cloth, a gigantic cruet-stand, a dwarf salt-and-pepper stand, a table-napkin, folded like a mitre, and a *Gallinani* not more than a fortnight old.

At length the door opened and a woman appeared, in the neat costume not even yet abandoned by French servants.

'Monsieur wishes to see me,' said Honorine with quiet respect.

Hugh Gaynor rose, and saluted her.

'You are Honorine Duclos,' he said, 'whom I once saw before, with a friend of mine, in the garden of the Luxembourg?'

Monsieur was exact—she was Honorine Duclos, at his service. Hugh Gaynor asked her to sit down, and immediately proceeded to tell her his business. After a long delay, which he deeply regretted, the message which she had had the thoughtful consideration to leave for him at Menrice's had reached him, and he had come to see her in consequence. Any information

which she could give him respecting the lady she had accompanied to the gardens of the Luxembourg on that day when he had seen her, would be most gratefully received and amply rewarded. Would Honorine tell him what she knew of her, in the past and at present? But first, would she explain why the lady had not kept her promise, why she had neither gone to him nor written to him?

*Ah, bon Dieu!* that was easily explained, if that were all. Monsieur knew that the *pauvre petite dame* did not dare to see him without her husband's leave, and her husband did not come home until Monsieur had left Paris; and when Madame wrote to him, the brigand of a *commissonnaire* did not deliver her letter until it was too late.

Mr. Gaynor listened to the story which the kind-hearted Frenchwoman told him with a swelling heart. It was with difficulty he repressed such signs of emotion as would have surprised Honorine out of all her notions of English *morgue*. Honorine told her story very fairly; considering that she was telling it to a friend of Madame, who must be presumably an enemy of Monsieur: she did not exaggerate poor Alice's wrongs, nor did she conceal her impression that she was of a difficult disposition to arrange itself with that of her husband, and that she was a woman of whom a man, without being altogether a bad subject, might reasonably *ennuyer* himself. But the husband of the *pauvre petite dame* was a bad subject, and Honorine dwelt with pity and disgust on the evident fear with which he had deeply impressed his timid wife. No man could make *her*, Honorine, so afraid of him, since, thank God, there was *la loi* and the *gendarmes*, even if she had not *sa famille*; but there are women and women, and Alice was of the *trempe* of the victims.

Hugh Gaynor listened to much of this narrative with one hand over his eyes. Honorine spoke with animation, but in a low voice, as aware of the contiguity of listeners to the hermit's den.

'What is her husband's name?' he asked. *Ah, mon Dieu*, those English names! Honorine could not say it rightly, perhaps, to make Monsieur comprehend. It was something like *Aume*; but Madame, when she spoke, and *ces Messieurs*, who came sometimes, but rarely, very rarely, called him differently. Madame said sometimes *Henri*, — in the English way, Monsieur would understand, *E-né-ri*, — but *ces Messieurs* called him *Horace*, which was much more reasonable, she found.

Hugh Gaynor had never doubted that

Alice Wood's husband was Henry Hurst, and now he had entire confirmation of his belief. But what was the surname he had adopted in discarding that assigned to him by Mr. Eliot Foster? 'Aume' was entirely preposterous; and yet, how was he to make it out more distinctly? Honorine saw that he was puzzled, and at first could not aid him; but after repeating 'Aume' 'Aume,' several times, with distinctness which rendered the sound more incomprehensibly unlike any combination of letters which Hugh Gaynor had ever seen or heard previously, she exclaimed,

'Hold! I can show this English name, written, to Monsieur, and then he will understand it. I have the last letter which the *petite dame* wrote to me. I will bring it to Monsieur.'

Honorine left Mr. Gaynor alone while she made her way, by the mysterious and interminable back-staircases of the hotel, to one of the horrible, airless, squalid dens in which French servants, even in great houses, are condemned to sleep. In a corner of this wretched room, immediately under the roof, her trunk was deposited, and she disinterred from a cardboard box containing her choicest possessions, of which a pair of garnet earrings and a very coppery-gold cross formed a considerable portion, a flimsy-looking letter. With this she returned to Hugh Gaynor, who had not changed his thoughtful attitude.

Hugh took the letter from Honorine's hand, and glanced at the signature. It was

'Alice Holmes.'

The letter was written in poor Alice's undeniably-elementary French, but it was quite simple and intelligible. She addressed Honorine as her 'good friend,' and told her the little news she had to tell of her exterior life. She lived in a cottage near the sea, and knew no one. The boatmen and their wives were kind to her; and there was a little girl, a poor little cripple, whom she taught, and took care of, and that passed the time. Her husband was constantly away, he was travelling all over England, making pictures of the country-houses and castles for M. Lignier, and she was very much alone. But she was well, much better than she had been in Paris; and she dearly wished she could have Honorine with her, only that it would be *triste* for Honorine, and she did not think she would like the English people, or the English skies. She wished also that Mr. Gaynor might meet Honorine, and in that, or some other extraordinary way, be restored to her; for she had no friend, and she had

failed in communicating with him by ordinary means. She had taken courage to write to the housekeeper at the place where Mr. Gaynor lived when he had been her friend long ago, but her letter was returned. The person to whom it was addressed was no longer there. And now she had little or no hope of ever seeing him again. Honorine must write to her soon, and tell her how she was getting on. She must not mind about not writing perfectly well. And Alice enclosed an envelope, very plainly directed to herself at

‘Bateman’s Cottage, Carbury,  
England,’

so that Honorine might have no scruple; the address at least would be distinct, and that was all that signified.

Hugh Gaynor read this simple letter with feelings of mingled relief and sadness. Poor girl! He could help her to bear the burden of her life perhaps, though it was too late to prevent, or materially to repair, its lamentable mistakes.

He carefully copied the name and address, and restored Alice’s letter to Honorine, whom he warmly thanked for the foresight and zeal she had shown in the cause of the poor young woman, whose real depth of distress she little understood. He told her how the long delay had occurred, and that her message had at last reached him by means of a young lady who was very much interested in the *petite dame*, and would be very kind to her. And as he spoke of Madeleine, the gray-haired clergyman once more saw in his fancy the two beautiful young faces, framed in the heavy window-setting of the old tower of St. John’s Church, and gave a thought to the wonderful dealings of Providence, and the marvelous contrasts of human destiny.

Honorine was much interested in hearing all this, and disposed, before Mr. Gaynor took his leave of her, to hold Mr. Holmes — to the pronunciation of whose name she never made any more successful approach than at first — in much more contempt than fear. It was so different, *bon Dieu!* when one had one’s friends — a *digne Monsieur*, like Monsieur now present, and ladies of the great world — to penetrate into one’s lot, and convince a husband that he had not all the power to himself. One comprehends that there are things not to be defied by the most proud, the most obdurate of natures, and these are of them. How delightful it was to think the poor little Madame was going to have some distraction at last! And that *triste* place! Was there anything so sorrowful as the sea? As for her, Hon-

orine, she had never seen it, thank God! but her cousin Berthe had voyaged in England, and she recounted of the sea-things, but things too terrible! When she should have her friends, and be taken away from the sea — of which Honorine could never understand the use while the rivers gave fish enough for all the world — she would soon be gay, and young, and bright again, and learn to mock herself of this tyrant husband, who would not now be permitted to sell her at Smithfield. Honorine had not forgotten or abandoned her former gloomy forebodings respecting Alice, and as she naively announced the relief of her mind from them, Hugh Gaynor smiled, for the first time during their interview.

Honorine was very anxious to know when Mr. Gaynor purposed going to England. She privately hoped he would not make that adventurous journey by sea, — the doing of which she regarded entirely as a matter of predilection, — for she had conceived a liking for him; but she did not venture to offer advice on that point. Mr. Gaynor intended to leave Paris the next day, and would see Mrs. Holmes as soon as possible after his arrival in England. Honorine was delighted; she would write soon to her poor little Madame, who could always make out her *griffonnage*, and some day, perhaps, she should see her again in Paris? Who knew? She was going to be happy now, to be quite gay again, and was not Paris the place for the sweet emotions, and the *belles joies du cœur*?

Hugh Gaynor took leave of Honorine with many assurances of regard and gratitude, and left the hotel, followed by curious looks from the waiters, and dismissed with a disdainful bow from the dark and handsomely-dressed female in the *bureau*. But he was as unconscious of the dissatisfaction he had given, as Honorine was indifferent to the vehement scolding she received for waste of time, after she had deposited, under the cotton-wool whereon reposed the garnet earrings and the coppery-golden cross, five bright new English sovereigns, Hugh Gaynor’s gift.

During the afternoon of that day, Hugh Gaynor applied himself to tracing as much of Henry Hurst’s history as he cared to know. It is unnecessary to follow him in the references which he made to those to whom he had introduced the young man as a person in whom he was interested. The result was the same in all cases — confirmation of the disappointment he had sustained, confirmatory of the bad opinion which Mr. Eliot Foster had formed of Henry Hurst. This narrative is concerned

only with the last scrap of information afforded to Mr. Gaynor. It was supplied by M. Lignier, on whom Mr. Gaynor called, whom Alice had mentioned as her husband's employer; — having formed a resolution, that if he could find out, without reference to Alice, where her husband was at present, he would see him before presenting himself to her. 'He cannot blame her then,' thought Hugh Gaynor, painfully reminiscent of Alice's refusal to see him in Paris, and the dread of her husband by which it had been dictated.

M. Lignier received his unknown visitor courteously, and was happy to be able to afford him the information he desired. He was in correspondence with M. Holmes, a clever and industrious artist, who would certainly make his mark. Monsieur desired to see him? Monsieur was going to London at once? Yes. That was peculiarly fortunate, for M. Holmes was precisely in London just now; his address was C—street, St. James's, No. —.

When Mr. Gaynor arrived at the railway station on the following day, to take his place for Calais, an unusual stir pervaded the well-ordered precinct. Mr. Gaynor paid no attention to this circumstance, nor to the numerous gorgeously-arrayed servants who pervaded the platform, nor to the fact that a special saloon-carriage was attached to the train.

When the passengers for England had nearly reached Calais, Mr. Gaynor discovered that the individuals, for whom the preparations he had heard mentioned on the way were made, were Lord Lauriston and his *suite*. He was made aware of the circumstance by finding himself face to face with Verner Bingham on the deck of the mail-steamer, and greeted by that young gentleman with a degree of warmth and heartiness which did Hugh good. This meeting did not take place until the brief voyage had nearly reached its termination, so that, as Verner had to rejoin the noble lord on landing, they had but little time for conversation.

'They are expecting you, of course, at Berkeley-square?' Hugh asked, when the first rapid inquiries had been made and answered on both sides.

'They are expecting me, but not quite so soon, I fancy,' said Verner. 'I did not know we should have done the journey so rapidly. We shall meet there, of course.'

Hugh Gaynor did not answer at once. He considered for a little, and then said:

'I think not for a few days: I have some-

thing to attend to first — something, too, in which Miss Burdett is interested.'

This announcement made Verner quite eager to learn particulars.

'You shall hear it all in time,' said Mr. Gaynor; 'here we are in the harbour. Tell Miss Burdett you have seen me, and that I begged you to say her letter to me was in time, and perfectly successful, and that in a few days I hope to bring her news of the person she is interested about. Good-bye for the present.'

Hugh Gaynor turned away, and joined in the universal scramble for carpet-bags and railway-wrappers. Verner Bingham, who had nothing to attend to, stood still, and wondered what all this was about, and, not understanding the meaning of the message, felt a little doubtful about remembering it with such a degree of accuracy as his fair betrothed might approve.

A few minutes before Mrs. Haviland's footman brought her note to Horace Holmes's lodgings, Mr. Gaynor called there, and was informed of his absence and its probable duration. Mr. Gaynor was sorry to have missed seeing Mr. Holmes, he said, and was turning away from the door, when the servant asked if he would not leave his name. But he replied that it was of no consequence, he would call again.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### GREEN ISLAND.

THE low, monotonous coast of Carbury was not without its peculiar beauty, as it stretched along, without interruption to its smooth extent, for many miles, and then curved gently to the right and left. Great space and profound tranquillity were its characteristics; and they showed to much advantage one bright, beautiful May morning, when the sun was shining on the tranquil water, and the long expanse of the smooth sand sent out millions of sparkling points.

Bateman's cottage was brightened up, like all the rest of the landscape, by the sunshine. The little patch of garden-ground had been trimmed up, and a few common flowers bloomed in it, while the laburnum-tree and the lilac-bush which formed its chief claim to be called a garden were quite flourishing. Within their shelter were placed a small table and a basket-chair, of the order known to cottagers as 'beehive,' for the use and pleasure of little Maggie Burton, the greater portion of whose life was passed — since the fine weather had set in unusually early — in

that quiet spot, whence she could see the little all that was to be seen around.

The small pier and the boats were within Maggie's view; and she caught frequent glimpses of her father as he went and came in the course of his day's work.

By this time Maggie had ceased to think about Alice's husband; he had not come there to trouble their peace, and with a child's unreasoning facility for regarding the present as an immutable order of things, she had dismissed all apprehension of him.

But little Maggie was aroused to a recollection of the object of her aversion; the peace of her life was temporarily disturbed, when the early days of May had just come to make everything look so beautiful, and to make her feel it hard that she could not move about like the others.

One day, when Alice had gone out early, and Maggie's father had carried her up to Bateman's cottage as usual, the letter-carrier, who had not stopped at the gate for weeks, halted there, and handed in a letter. Maggie, who had been deposited in her garden-chair and was looking out for Alice, was by no means glad to see a letter arrive; she remembered how 'the lady' had cried on a former occasion, and she had no faith in letters being pleasant things. So, when Alice came at length into sight, she watched her approach with more misgiving than pleasure; and, when she reached the garden, tried with a child's artless skill to detain her there.

'Two of the boats went to Green Island while you were out,' said Maggie. 'Father's gone. They're there by now.'

'Whom have they taken?' asked Alice.

'I don't know,' said Maggie; 'two gentlemen from Carbury father took, and a gentleman and lady went in Jackson's boat.'

'The weather is so fine,' said Alice, 'or else it is early for parties to the island.'

'Hark!' said Maggie; 'I can hear them talking; there! — one of them is calling; — don't you hear?'

Alice turned her head towards the sea and listened.

'No, I don't hear it, Maggie; your ears are very sharp.'

'And you've got your bonnet on. Untie it and listen. Now, don't you hear it? "Boatman! boatman!" They want to come ashore again.'

Alice listened. 'Yes,' she said, 'I hear it; but I could not tell what they said. It must be beautiful on the other side of the island to-day. I wonder if you will be able to go in the boat soon, Maggie? It

would be so nice and warm in the little cove. We must get your father to take us. I want to begin to bathe again.'

Maggie could not understand Alice on that point. Even when she was well and strong she hated to be bathed. It was only being washed on a more painful system; and why grown-up people, who never need be washed unless they liked it, should go of their own free will into the sea, was a mystery to Maggie. Paddling about without shoes and stockings in the surf was quite a different thing; of course everybody liked doing that. But Alice was incomprehensible in this respect to more than Maggie. There was Mrs. Jackson, the boatman's wife, who officiated as a bathing-woman in the season, and knew all about it, but she did not hold with the proceedings of the lady at Bateman's cottage, who was 'more like a mermaid than a Christian' in her ways of dealing with salt-water, — going into it before the sun had had time to warm it a bit, and staying in it, swimming and diving, and what not, without a rope or a bathing-woman, quite 'independent-like,' which Mrs. Jackson, who had nothing whatever to say against the lady who was so good to Jim Burton's little girl, did not think becoming. Neither could Mrs. Jackson see how sociability could harm anybody; and if she (Mrs. Jackson) wanted to bathe, which she didn't, being satisfied with having her feet wet perpetual, a-wringing of the ladies' bathing-dresses, she should go in with the others, and likewise come out, which is more satisfactory to all parties, in case of cramp, or going in too soon after a meal. But to go alone, as Mrs. Holmes was in the habit of going, to Green Island, and bathe by oneself, was what ought not to be done — on that point Mrs. Jackson and her neighbours were perfectly agreed.

Maggie had often heard the comments made by Mrs. Jackson and others on Alice's departure from the usual practice; and when she expressed her wish to begin sea-bathing again, the child looked at her seriously, and said:

'You mustn't bathe until next month; you'll be having the cramp.'

But Alice only smiled at the warning, and went on into the house, — followed by Maggie's eyes, full of misgivings, — and promising to return presently, to hear her say her lessons out of doors.

From the angle of the garden in which Maggie's chair was placed she could see obliquely into the sitting-room, and she now took advantage of the corner view eagerly. She saw Alice pass the window in the direc-



tion of the chimney-piece, and return to a seat near the window; then she could see nothing but the skirt of her dress. After a very few minutes it suddenly stirred, then she saw Alice's figure for a moment; but her head was averted. Presently she appeared for an instant at the window of the bed-room overhead; the next the blind was drawn down, and the abnormally quick ears of the crippled child were conscious of the click of a lock, as Alice turned the key in her bedroom-door.

The letter had done this! Maggie had been right to fear it. She did not see her father's boat returning, and she was getting hungry. The odious letter had prevented 'the lady' from remembering her bread-and-milk, and Jane, who had doubtless had her own luncheon, would not scruple to leave Maggie without hers.

But Maggie was not destined to be forgotten. A few minutes after the child's quick eyes had discerned her father's boat half-way between Green Island and the shore, Alice came into the little garden, carrying the familiar plate and mug.

'You must be hungry, little Maggie,' she said, as she knelt down on the ground beside the beehive chair, and put the plate and mug on the table.

But little Maggie, who had been impatient for her nice fresh bread-and-milk a few minutes before, felt, when she looked at 'the lady,' as if she did not want to eat anything, as if something had given her a sudden fright. Was it the gentle face which she knew and loved so well? Was it the solemn, sweet voice, which always spoke to her so kindly? Yes, and no. The face frightened her because it was a changed face, and yet the same; the voice frightened the child because it was another voice, and yet the same. She looked at Alice with wide-open, alarmed eyes, caught her suddenly round the neck, straining her little hands tight behind her head, and said, in a tone of childish terror,

'What's the matter? Is — is the gentleman coming back?'

The keenness of the wound, the directness with which the random shot hit the mark, were too much for Alice. She caught the child to her bosom, and crying, 'O Maggie, Maggie!' wept unrestrainedly.

'He is coming back,' thought Maggie, in great dismay; 'and I suppose he doesn't like lame children either, and I shall have to stay at home.'

This personal idea occurred to her, as was natural, before she remembered her old impression about 'the lady,' and her fear of this dark-looking husband, whom Maggie

had seen but once, but whom she remembered so distinctly.

After a while Alice said,

'Eat your bread-and-milk, Maggie, and listen to me. I am very sorry about something that has been said to me.'

'In the letter?' said Maggie, with a wise nod of her intelligent head.

'Yes; in the letter I read just now,' said Alice without any surprise; she knew the child's keen observation; 'and I don't feel able to tell you any stories, or to hear your lessons to-day. I have a great deal to think about, and I must be quite alone. You cannot understand that, Maggie. When you are sick, you like to have someone with you; but you have never been sorry, my dear, as yet; and when people are very sorrowful, as I am to-day, they want to be alone.'

'To say their prayers?' said Maggie, with another sage nod.

'Yes,' said Alice, kissing her; 'to say their prayers. So, little Maggie, you must go home to-day when your father comes in from the island, and you must tell him, if he can spare time this evening, I want to see him. You will be very good, Maggie, I know, and your father will bring you to me to-morrow morning as usual.'

The gentleman was not coming to-morrow, then, Maggie thought; that was plain, or she would not have permission to come. Her mind, relieved on this point of immediate apprehension, rapidly took comfort, and she began to think, if the letter did not say *that*, it could not have said anything very bad after all.

A little after sunset James Burton presented himself. Alice received him in her sitting-room, where the dim light made her face indistinct.

'Maggie said as I was to come to you this evening, mum,' said the boatman, with an earnest but unsuccessful attempt to look and speak as if Maggie had not told him more. 'Did you please to want me for anything?'

'Yes,' said Alice; 'there is something you can do for me which I want done very particularly. I think you go sometimes to the Red House; Mr. Dering's I mean?'

'Lord, yes, mum, often. Maggie's mother and me was married from there; and I takes all the squire's comp'ny to the island reg'lar. He'd never think of hailing any boat but mine.'

'That is just as I thought,' said Alice. 'What I want you to do for me is to go up to the Red House, and to take this memorandum with you,' — she put a slip of paper into his hand — 'to see one of the servants,

and to ask him to find out in the Directory — you know what that means?’

‘Yes, mum; the names of people as are any way of consequence, and where they live.’

‘Exactly. I want to write to a lady, who is a person of consequence, as you say, and I do not know where she lives, except that it is in London. The lady’s husband is a member of parliament; and, in the book I speak of, his name and where he lives will be given. If you will ask one of the servants to look in the Directory, and write down the address here, after the name I have written, that is what I want.’

‘I’ll do it,’ said James Burton heartily; ‘and this very night. I’ve a early job in the mornin’; and I’ll just go on to the Red House now. They’ll be at supper there about this time.’

‘Thank you,’ said Alice; ‘it will be a relief to me to have the address as soon as possible. How soon do you think you will get back?’

‘I’ll do it in an hour and a ’alf, easy,’ said James Burton; and he took his departure — having put the memorandum Alice had given him into his cap for safety — without any further delay.

Within the time he had assigned for the execution of his commission, James Burton returned, much elated at his success, and the ease with which it had been attained.

‘There’s a mort of comp’ny at the Red House,’ he explained, ‘staying, and likewise come to the dinner-party, which there’s an uncommon big un to-day. And just as I had ketched hold on Thomas, which is the butler, and him as I knows best, and was a-askin’ him, and he was a-readin’ out the name as is wrote here, up comes a young man as says no one needn’t go a-lookin’ in no books, for his master is own brother-in-law and his young missus is own niece to the gentleman as is wrote down — which his master’s name is Mr. Burdett — and they’ve been and drove over to the Red House this very day, and is a-stayin’ till to-morrow. And he wrote it out for me, and I come off directly, and there it is.’

Alice thanked him, and he went away. Then she went up to her bedroom and looked out of the window to the back of the cottage, whence she could see inland. The moon was shining very brightly, mounting very high, and under her silver light a belt of dark trees marked the horizon. Alice bent her gaze on them. Behind those trees was the Red House.

Deadly cold and trembling, and yet with

a feverish haste upon her, and a thrill of horrid, creeping, bodily fear, Alice shut and barred her window, and lighted her candles. She looked at herself, and turned away from the glass; then hurriedly washed her face and hands and went downstairs, and spoke to her servant, because she *must* speak to someone — because she was frightened. She lingered below for a while, but at length returned to her room, and prepared for rest. But no rest came to her. All night she lay broad awake, the candles lighted, until the dawn displaced them; her nerves startled and quivering, her heart beating, her limbs ever and anon trembling under the impulse of unreasonable, ungovernable, insurmountable fear.

Verner Bingham did not fail to deliver Hugh Gaynor’s message to Madeleine, who was immediately informed of Verner’s unexpectedly-early arrival, and brought back to town by the dutiful Frank. She was delighted to know that she had been of use, and all the more because the success of her plan for aiding Mr. Gaynor in his quest was simultaneous with the event which gave her so much happiness.

‘It is like a blessing upon us,’ she said to Julia, ‘that this poor girl should be found just now.’

‘I hope we shall hear from Mr. Gaynor about it all soon,’ said Julia. She glanced at her writing-table as she spoke. ‘I have taken it into my head — which used not to be a fanciful one when it was stronger — that a letter which has come here for him, under cover to me, has something to do with this business.’

‘Have you really? May I look at it? — It is directed in a woman’s hand, certainly, and this memorandum on the cover addressed to you, — “Pray forward this letter immediately,” — is written by a woman. I see the post-mark is Carbury. Why, that is the name of the village near the Red House, the Derings’ post-town. O aunt, how I do wish Mr. Gaynor would come back! How much better it would have been if he had come here first! He ought to have known Verner and I would not have been so selfish as he seems to have considered us.’

‘There really does seem to be a fatality about the whole affair,’ said Julia.

Alice was alone in the house on the following day, when Burton carried Maggie up the little hill, and into the sitting-room. She had sent her servant to post a letter at the village, and was waiting for the child,

the doors and windows open, and the sweet air of the early summer circulating freely through the house. But the summer air had brought no brightness, no freshness to her. Her face was quite colourless, and a painful, absent, strained look was in her blue eyes, which Maggie was quick to see, and afterwards commented upon to her father.

'I'm going to the island after a bit, mum,' said Burton, when he had deposited Maggie in a chair by the window, 'to fetch a party as I left there early — wouldn't it do you good to have a turn? — you haven't been there for a long time.'

Alice was glad to accept the offer. She was worn out with the emotions she had experienced, — the resolution she had formed and acted upon had cost her an immense effort, and proportionate reaction.

When they were in the boat, Alice remarked the unusual gravity of Burton's countenance, and asked him if anything had happened. That nothing was wrong with Maggie, she knew. The boatman told her there had been an accident at Sandham, a village near Carbury; that two men had been drowned there the day before, one of them his brother-in-law. He had not told Maggie anything about it; the child was nervous-like, since she had been so ill herself, and might come to dread the boat. Alice knew she had never associated a thought of fear with that bread-winner hitherto.

'Drowned in this beautiful weather, and with this calm sea?' said Alice; 'how strange it seems!'

'Yes, mum,' returned Burton, 'it is strange; but the water is a treacherous thing, and so is the wind; and poor Jack and his mate was out late on Wednesday night, and they may ha' been drinking; that nobody can tell now. They was found nigh one another in Little Sandham bay, as peaceful as if they was asleep, and the boat was bottom up'ards a mile out to sea.'

'Had your brother-in-law any children?' Alice asked.

'No, mum, — and that's the best of it, — poor Mary's dead these eight years; so I suppose as when the poor fellow felt he was a-goin' he went down easy, through not havin' any hands as ain't able to work for themselves, a-pullin' at him. Leastwise, I hope so. I hadn't seen him lately — we never was great friends; but it were a shock when they fetched me yesterday. I didn't say nothing to Maggie, and the women about won't tell her — they're uncommon tender of the child, to be sure. Poor Jack

and his mate is to be buried in Sandham churchyard the day after to-morrow; you can see the churchyard, mum; it's just over the little hill there to the left' — Burton pointed towards the spot with an oar — 'we Carbury folks will all go to the funeral.'

Alice had looked up towards the seaside village and the churchyard in the distance for a minute, but had now resumed her former attitude, bending over the smooth clear water, through which the boatman cleft his way with swift even strokes, and watching the light shower of spray that fell from the oars.

She was thinking of the two drowned men — of the sudden, swift extinction of their strong lives; of the might of the beautiful, deadly sea; of the ease and readiness with which death comes to some people, — solving the problems, settling the difficulties of their lives, quietly laying them aside for ever, — and of the persistence with which it holds aloof from others, often from those to whom its mantle of shelter and oblivion would be most welcome.

After Burton had landed her in her favourite spot close by the seaward extremity of the Long Hole, and when she had seen the boat off from Green Island on its return voyage, leaving her alone, Alice's thoughts still took this direction. She had intended to take counsel with herself here; to think over her life; to collect her mental energies, and call them to her aid, while waiting for the advice and help which she had implored in the letter she had, in her great suffering, taken courage to write; to look the future in the face, and to gather up her strength. But she was postponing this programme; something was leading her errant mind away from its fulfilment. She had spread her shawl upon the sand, and had laid herself down upon it, resting on her arm, with her face turned to the sea. The tiny bubbles broke off from the edge of the smooth murmuring waves within a few feet of her. The tide was going out, and little branches of pink, green, and white seaweed were scattered about. Through all her misery, a keen sense of the beauty and peace of the scene stole over Alice's senses, a little deadened by the prolonged suffering she had gone through. For the first time, she realised the uncertainty of life; for the first time, the truth came to her that it was not impossible for her to die; it was not wholly, unmutably, mercilessly certain that she should have to drag the burden of her misery, the awful load of her loneliness, through many years into old age. Strong men, in the prime of life, could die; and women as

young as she, who would be glad to live, and whose death sent desolation to tender manly hearts. Then why not she?

A voice, coming she knew not whence, speaking to her in the solemn music of Nature, told her of the existence of laws which she had ignored in the narrow-mindedness of her grief; told her of them with authority which she did not resist; forced her to listen to the truth that she was not alone; that there is no such thing as solitude, no such thing as the absolute dependence of one human being on another; that such slavery is not permitted to exist by the Father of all.

'Who is He that kills and makes alive?' the voice said within her. 'What is your weakness in comparison with His strength? the little term of your life in comparison with His eternity? Where and how did you get permission to limit the hopes of your soul to this one horizon, and to hold the liberty, the peace, the development of an immortal being at the control of a creature like yourself? How do you know that there is length of days and suffering for you? How do you dare to interpret the pleasure of the Most High? Is the heart of man stronger than its Creator? Are his days left out of the reckoning of Him who set the sun to tell them off? It is with Him you have to do, and it is time you should remember it, and wake up; trance-life is not the life He chooses His creatures to lead, whether the trance be of joy or of sorrow, of hope or of its ruin. There are truer things than either. Wake up, then, and seek them; and make submission to the Master of all, who can lift you, by the aid of one gleam of the light of His eternal truth, far above the power of man over you for good or evil,—in whose hand is the tale of your years.'

In that hour, the great fear that had pressed upon Alice fell away from her, and she knew that it was a mean thing. Her simple prayers—which had hitherto been merely the pleading of a weak and oppressed creature to a powerful Being, vague in her mind, held, in a misty kind of timid faith, to be capable of sending her consolation, of giving her back what she had lost, of granting her her heart's desire, she knew not how—prayers of deprecation and supplication—now came from her heart differently. They arose now with a new sense of a defined and immutable relation between herself and the Infinite, Omnipotent God to whom they were addressed; the sublime relation of the creature to the Creator, who does not give His power to another, and suffers nothing which comes from His hand

to perish. A new, wonderful sense of liberty came to Alice in her musings that day. Whatever the future might bring her, however full of trial her life might be, it would not have despair in it any more. She had risen superior to that temptation, in the learning of the mysterious lesson which had been whispered to her.

Alice had not answered her husband's letter. At first she had allowed nearly a day to elapse after it reached her, because she was totally unable to reply to it. Then, when she had acquired a little calm, she had resolved that she would not write to him. The proposition contained in his letter was but little more base than any she had lived for weeks, even months, in daily dread of receiving; but it was made to a different person from the innocent, timid, unsuspecting girl she had been a year ago. The agonising conviction which had seized upon her when Henry Hurst was last at Carbury had not lost strength in her mind. She had suffered every day since then pangs of jealous misery which were not the less keen because she no longer loved him as she had done; and this conviction contributed by far the strongest element to the resolution she had taken.

No; she would not write to him. When he was tired of waiting for her answer he would come to seek it in person, and then she would tell him the truth as she divined, as she knew it. By that time the help she had sought might have reached her, she might be fortified with the advice she had implored; but if not, she would speak such words as she should be inspired with, holding by the truth, by her right as his wife.

Thus, the bright May morning, when the sea sparkled in the sunshine, and the long line of the coast was beautiful notwithstanding its monotony, found Alice patient and firm, no longer absorbed in one unavailing, enervating sorrow. It was the morning on which the funeral of the two men who had been drowned at Sandham was to take place. Little Maggie knew that her uncle was dead, and that her father and all the other boatmen were going to the funeral, but the manner of his death had not been told to her. The women were also going, the cottages would be deserted for a while, and the boats would lie idle at the little pier. From her place under the laburnum-tree at Bateman's cottage, Maggie could watch the boatmen and the women trudging along the sand, all with some poor show of mourning in their dress. Presently, when they should have reached the churchyard away behind that distant hillock, where she could just see the low white wall, the bell

would begin to ring; she thought she should hear it; and if she did she should certainly call Jane to come and stay with her until it left off ringing, for Maggie did not like bells which rang for funerals. Church was quite another thing.

Maggie was alone in her sunny nook, with her little table, her toys, her story-books, her pet kitten, and a lesson which was to be learned in Alice's absence, and said on her return. Maggie prided herself on having been particularly good that morning; for when Jane had come to tell her father very early that 'the lady' wished him to take her to Green Island, if he could do so, before the funeral, she had felt very rebellious and discontented. She did not want to be left alone that morning, or with only Jane, whose sole idea of making herself agreeable to Maggie consisted in giving her something to eat; but she had not complained—she had been good. And when Maggie saw how very pale and ill Alice looked, and heard her thank Burton for complying with her request, and explain that she had had no sleep, and felt sure it would do her good to bathe on that beautiful day, she felt quite delighted with herself for being so cheerful about being left alone, and made up her mind to learn her lessons with irreproachable exactness. When Alice was ready, she lingered a few minutes in the little garden beside Maggie's beehive-chair. She had a bundle, which contained her bathing-dress and a sheet, in one hand; she placed the other on the child's head.

'You won't be lonely, will you, Maggie?' she said.

'No,' answered Maggie magnanimously, 'I won't; and I'll learn my lessons very well indeed. Are you really going to bathe?'

'Yes Maggie, I am;' and Alice smiled.

'What will Mrs. Jackson say to me?'

'She always says, "Don't you stay too long in the water, what ever you do,"' said Maggie, with a funny imitation of Mrs. Jackson's voice, whose melodious quality had been permanently injured by twenty years of paddling.

'Well, then, I won't stay too long in the water, Maggie. Goodbye, my child.'

Alice bent down and kissed her. Maggie looked at her with the faded blue eyes, once so bright, now habitually wistful, and said,

'Will they preach over him?'

'Do you mean, will there be a sermon at your uncle's funeral, my dear?'

Maggie nodded.

'I don't know, indeed. If he went to chapel, there will be, I suppose. Did he?'

'No,' said Maggie; 'he was church.'

'Then,' said Alice, 'they will only read.'

'What will they read? Out of the Bible?'

'Out of the Bible and the Prayer Book, Maggie. They will read good things about God and heaven to comfort the people who grieve for those who die, and to teach them how to go to heaven.'

Maggie's face looked solemn.

'Could I read those good things?' she asked. 'Are the words hard? I am only in two syllables, you know.'

'No, Maggie, the words are not hard, and the best and greatest of them all is only in two syllables;'—she spoke less to the child than to herself;—'I don't think you could read them; but I will read them for you, when I come home.'

So she kissed little Maggie again, and left her. The child, her face still serious, sat watching, with the kitten hugged tightly in her arms, as Alice went down the hill. She lost sight of her for a few moments; then she saw her stepping lightly into the boat, just touching Burton's shoulder for a moment as he helped her in, and the boat shot away from the shore.

The morning wore on. Maggie's father returned, drew his boat up on the beach, went into his cottage for a while, and then joined the group prepared to start for the churchyard. An old woman and two infants were all who remained in the boatmen's cottages when the little procession moved away. The day grew more and more beautiful. The sun shone more brightly, the sand and the sea sparkled, and the birds went into exuberant ecstasies of music. Maggie sat with her kitten in her arms, and watched the figures winding along the sand, rapidly becoming mere specks in the distance. When they reached the little bluff to the left, she should lose sight of them.

Presently Jane came and informed her that there was no sugar in the house, which would materially interfere with prospects of pudding for dinner. She would just run to the village and fetch some, if Maggie did not mind, and would 'have an eye' to things. This was not a very responsible charge, as Jane had locked the back-door, and Maggie was close to the front, so Maggie undertook it, though she had a notion that Alice would not approve of her being left quite alone in her helpless state. But Maggie was not timid, and she liked pudding very much indeed.



So she was satisfied to ask Jane to make haste back with the sugar, and saw her go away without misgiving.

She was still watching the figures on the shore, very near the bluff now,—they would be out of sight in a minute, and have done a third of their journey to Sandham church-yard,—when a quick step coming from the opposite side, and in another moment a hand upon the latch of the little gate, made her turn her head round. A man came in at the gate, and little Maggie recognised, with a start of irrepressible fear, 'the lady's' husband.

Henry Hurst had reached the open door within a few steps, before he perceived the child, who had shrunk back as far as possible into the beehive-chair; but when he saw her he stopped, and said, with a dark, scowling look at her,

'Who are you? Is there anyone at home?' As he spoke he glanced at the windows,—there was utter silence around.

'No, sir,' said Maggie timidly, answering his second question.

'Where is Mrs. Holmes?'

'The lady, sir?' said poor Maggie, who was unaccustomed to use or to hear Alice's name.

'Yes, the lady. Where is she? Where's the servant?'

'Jane's gone to get some sugar, sir,' said Maggie, letting the kitten jump off her knee, and squeezing her small hands very tightly together. 'And the lady's gone out too, sir.'

Henry Hurst muttered something under his breath, and took a step towards the door. Then he paused:

'Do you know where she is? Can you go and fetch her?'

'I can't walk, sir. My leg is bad still, and I can't move unless some one carries me. And the lady is gone to Green Island. Father took her there in the boat, and he is to fetch her after the funeral.'

'Whose funeral? What do you mean? Who is your father?' said Henry Hurst.

Then Maggie, forced to be intelligible by her very fear of him, explained; casting furtive glances, when she dared, in the direction by which Jane might be expected to return.

'Do you mean to say I cannot get a boat?'

'I'm afraid you can't, sir; they're all gone; there's nobody to row you.'

'How soon will they be back? When was Mrs. Holmes to return?'

'Father said they would get back by dinner-time, sir; and he would fetch the lady.'

Henry Hurst left her abruptly, and went

into the house. All there was in the nicest order, and numerous little tokens of his wife's habitual presence were around. He glanced at them with loathing, and, coming up to the window, stood there looking out — his presence forming a sort of background nightmare to poor Maggie's little nook. Presently he came out of the door and said:

'Where's your father's boat?'

'That's it, sir,' said Maggie, pointing to the brightly-painted conspicuous object on the beach in front.

'I'll take it, and go to Green Island. I want to see Mrs. Holmes, and I have no time to spare. If he comes back while I'm gone, tell him I have taken the boat. I shall not be long away.'

He did not wait for a reply from her, and Maggie had no power to make any. Astonishment and fear held her dumb as he went down the slope, and she saw him presently pushing and pulling her father's boat down into the water. When he was fairly off, and she saw the sun shining on the wet oars as they rose and dipped, Maggie's emotion found relief in a sudden fit of crying.

A sound struck her ear while she sobbed, and she checked her tears to listen to it. It was the bell ringing from the little church at Sandham — the bell she did not like, the bell she wished they would not ring. How horrid it was! And the air was so clear, she could hear it plainly. She wished they would leave off ringing it, she wished this man had not come, he looked more than ever wicked, she thought, and the lady would be afraid again. Perhaps she, Maggie, would be sent away, not allowed to come to the garden any more. Would it be the same as when the wicked man was at Carbury before? O, would Jane ever come back? What could be keeping her? The boat was out of sight now; would her father be angry about its being taken? She could not help that. O dear, O dear, why did Jane leave her? Still she heard the bell — a little oftener now; that meant, she knew, that the people were assembling in the churchyard. They would soon all be there, and the funeral over, and her father would make no long delay; she hoped he would return before the wicked man came back — even if the lady came with him Maggie felt she should be afraid of him; she would rather not see him. Perhaps Jane would be able to carry her home, and would not mind doing it. O, would Jane ever, ever come?

Maggie contrived — not without putting herself to some pain — to turn the beehive-chair a little, so that she could look up towards the back of the cottage along the way

which led from Carbury. Now she could see Jane at some distance, when she should appear and she might escape the sound of the bell—she did not hear it now—no, not the bell, but what was that she did hear?

A sound which thrilled her with terror. A sound she had never heard in her life before, but which she felt had some awful meaning. A frightful sound, coming from the direction of Green Island.

Another! a scream; the scream of a human being in mortal peril, in mortal terror.

Another! fainter this time; hardly traversing the distance, yet reaching the terrified child's strained, agonised ears. Then Maggie, maddened by fear, by her helplessness, by her solitude, clutched the sides of her chair convulsively, and shrieked aloud in ungovernable terror.

There was no one to come to her. The old crone in the cottage under the hill heard the child's cries, but she could not leave the infants to go and see what was the matter yonder; and one or two dogs barking in concert uttered the sole response to Maggie's screams, which were continued until her strength failed and she fell forward, almost lifeless, against the table.

Thus Jane found her, when at length she arrived, breathless with running.

'Whatever's the matter, Maggie Burton?' said the woman, lifting up the child, and looking, herself, scared, into the terrified face. 'Whatever has happened to you? I heard such a screech, as I got to the turn of the road, as I never heard in all my life; only I knew you was in the garden, I should have thought you had fell into the fire; and then I thought as Towson's dog must ha' been let loose, on account of their being away at the funeral, and as he was tearing you. Goodness me, child, what a fright you have give me, to be sure!'

'It wasn't me,' said Maggie in a whisper.

'It wasn't you!' repeated Jane. 'Why, how ever can you say such a thing? Didn't I hear you screech? and run, and run, and the nearer I got the plainer I heard you. Why, I was on the slope there before you stopped.'

'Yes, yes, I know I screeched,' said Maggie, who was holding the woman fast, her little hands trembling as they fastened themselves round her arm. 'I know I screeched; but not the first, not the first, I heard the other first, indeed, indeed I did!'

'What other?' said Jane. 'What made you screech?'

'I am afraid of the man, Jane. I heard the dreadful, dreadful noise! I did not cry out till then, though I was frightened. O

Jane, take me home. Look out and see if father is coming. Is there any one coming along the sand? Don't let me go, Jane; O, don't let me go! Lift me up out of the chair, and let me look.'

The earnestness and the terror of the child overcame the habitual stolidity of the woman. She could not make out what it was all about, but the violent trembling of Maggie's frame, the imploring look in her eyes, the agony in her voice, frightened Jane into something like sympathy. She did lift the crippled child out of her chair, set her on the low garden-wall, at her earnest request, and held her there.

'O Jane,' Maggie began again, 'who was it? Who was it?—O Jane, was it her? I am afraid it was,'—the hands strained themselves round the woman's neck, '—do you think you could carry me home, Jane, and let me be there when father comes?'

'Yes, yes, I'll carry you,' said Jane; 'but do tell me what ails you, Maggie;' and her eyes were turned from the child to the strand, along which she earnestly desired to see Burton coming. 'What did you hear, and what man frightened you? Has anyone come about the place? Lord bless us!' added Jane with a start, 'can anyone have got in by the front-door!'

'No, no!' said Maggie, whose wild excitement, contrasting so terribly with her helplessness, had not in the least abated—'no one went in but the lady's husband, and he frightened me. O, try and take me home, and find father. Look, look, perhaps he's coming now.'

'Maggie, do you mean that master is here?' said Jane, preparing to replace her in her chair.

'He is not here now,' said Maggie—'don't put me down, Jane, I'm not heavy; and I'll be so quiet if you will try to take me home. He was here, but he went away, after the lady, to Green Island—he took my father's boat—and then, a long time after—you were hardly out of sight when he came up, walking, by the shoreway—I heard the dreadful, dreadful cry, the first, and then another;' and Maggie put her hands up to her ears, and rocked herself about until Jane could hardly hold her. The woman's bewilderment was beyond words. Just then she saw a boat nearing the shore, and the child saw it too, and knew who was in it.

'Hide me!' she said wildly, 'there's no time to take me home now; put me somewhere that he will not see me; O, do, dear, good Jane!'

Without the delay of another moment the woman carried Maggie into the cottage,

through the passage into a small back-room, and placed her on the bed, which was her own.

'He will be here in a minute,' said Maggie faintly. 'Go out and see if she is come too. Leave me here, and go and see.'

Profoundly wondering, yielding to the energy and terror of the child, Jane left her, and went to see. Henry Hurst had landed from the boat, dragged it on to the beach, and he was coming up the slope. His face was perfectly colourless, and he walked with rapid, uneven steps. At the gate he hesitated for a moment, but the next he passed in, glancing round him. He recognised Jane with a slight but perceptible start, and addressed her angrily, removing his hat and passing his hand two or three times across his forehead.

'So you are here, are you?' he said. 'What do you mean by gadding about, and leaving no one but that lying little cripple here? Where's your mistress?'

'My mistress? Hasn't she come back with you?' said Jane, more and more bewildered.

'Come back with me! No!' said Henry Hurst hoarsely. 'How should she come back with me when I haven't seen her?'

He stood in the little garden path, and made no movement to enter the house, though Jane had made way for him, and though his boots and the ends of his trousers were wet, and dabbled with the sand of the beach.

'Haven't you seen her, sir?' said Jane; 'that's very strange. She went to Green Island this morning in Burton's boat, and me being out when you came home, Maggie Burton told me you were here, sir, and that you had gone to the island.'

'So I did,' said Henry Hurst, speaking rapidly, and glancing along the strand. 'That confounded little monkey sent me on a fool's errand; when I had no time to spare, too. Mrs. Holmes is not there. Can't you tell where she is?'

'She *must* be there,' said Jane; 'she went in Burton's boat, and he was to fetch her; and there ain't no boat as she could have got away in.'

'But I tell you she *isn't* there,' said Henry Hurst. 'I have been all over the island, and she is not there. If she was there at all this morning, some boat has picked her up. At all events, I can't stay here now. Here are five shillings for Burton for the use of his boat—confound it! I've torn my coat, and my hands too, dragging it about.'

He glanced at the woman's stolid face

here, and then instantly afterwards at the strand, where no one was yet to be seen.

'Tell your mistress,' he continued, 'that I came over, being in the neighbourhood, on business. I cannot stay, but I shall be down next week.' He was turning away, leaving Jane in speechless astonishment, when he spoke again, with evident effort.

'I cannot understand her being away from home, for she expected me. You don't happen to know whether she wrote any letters yesterday, do you?'

'No, sir, I don't,' said Jane. 'I posted one on Friday, but I don't know since then.'

She posted a letter on Friday. To whom? He hardly dared to ask; what would he not give to know?

'Of course it was not to me,' he said, 'or I should have received it.'

'I don't know, sir, I'm sure.'

'Don't forget my message. Good-day.'

He was gone. Jane stood in the doorway until she lost sight of him, striding along the shore to the right. Then she looked to the left, and saw the boatmen and the women coming back from Sandham.

She opened the door of the room in which she had left Maggie, said briefly, 'Master is gone, and your father is coming along by the water-edge;' and then ran rapidly down the slope, and along the strand, until she met the returning boatmen.

In a little while James Burton was beside his child, whose agitation, at first increased on seeing him, was somewhat allayed when she told him her story. He heard it with wonder, and with growing alarm at every word she said. The other boatmen had come up with him to the house, and Jane repeated to them all the positive statement of her master that 'the lady' was not on the island. Each man looked at his neighbour, but no one spoke. Presently Burton came out of the room where he had left his little girl, his face pale, and almost as frightened as Maggie's own.

'We must go and look for her,' he said briefly. 'Alive or dead, she's there. You'll come with me,'—he laid his heavy hand on Jackson's arm,— 'and we'll leave the child with your wife.' He went back into the room, and came out again, carrying Maggie in his arms, her head covered with her pinafore, her face against his breast, and her hands round his neck. She sobbed convulsively and shuddered, but she did not uncover her head or look up for a moment. So the men went down to Jackson's cottage, and Burton gave his child in charge to Mrs. Jackson, who was very white and

silent, for 'the lady' was well liked by them all, and there was one fear in every heart. As Burton disengaged himself from the child's arms she whispered to him earnestly, entreatingly. Mrs. Jackson followed him to the door.

'I only want to ask you one question,' she said. 'Had she her bathing-things with her?'

'Yes,' said Burton, 'she had.'

'Then she's drowned, she's drowned!' cried Mrs. Jackson, wringing her hands. 'She's drowned; and I always said it!'

The four men landed at Green Island in silence, and proceeded, led by Burton, to the seaward side, to the sandy cove which he knew to be Alice's favourite resort. There was no sign of any human presence there. The quiet water was flowing through the Long Hole, cutting off one extremity of the island from the little domain of the mainland. Having gone all round the exterior of the island in vain, the searchers mounted the steep side of the little ravine, and there they came upon the first trace of what they sought. About halfway up the ascent there grew a sturdy furze-bush, by the side of a bare patch of stone, hollowed out by a caprice of nature into a rude likeness of a basin, and there were several articles of female attire rolled-up together, and put away with evident intention. Burton lifted them reverently; there was a terrible significance in the respect with which he handled them. Not so do we touch the garments of the living; sudden reverence for these soulless things comes to us only when they are the representatives of the tenement of the soul which has gone beyond our ken.

The four men stood close together, and spoke in the lowest whispers.

'She took her clothes off here, and went in to bathe,' said Jackson; 'the tide comes up to the stones under this here place, and there would be no mark of her feet.'

'She'll be washed-in with the next tide,' said one of the other men; 'it's going out fast. We sha'n't find her before night, mates.'

Burton had now reached the summit of the little ravine, and laid himself down on the ground along the edge exactly overlooking the mass of rock which formed a kind of table in the centre of the Long Hole, and over which the bright-green water was flowing peacefully, shining brilliantly under the sun, high in the serene heavens. Uncertain, and yet but too surely convinced, his companions stood about him, Jackson holding the bundle of

clothes, which Burton had handed over to him. Suddenly he protruded his head and shoulders over the edge of the ravine, and grasping the edge with one hand, put the other out behind him, and lifted it with a gesture which caused them all to stoop and look into the calm-flowing water beneath.

After a few minutes, which passed in profound silence, James Burton raised himself, first into a sitting position and then to his feet, and said to his comrades, in a hoarse tone,

'She's there, mates, she's there. She's lying dead upon the rock; I can see her face under the water. What shall we do?'

There was no one to answer him. The bank they were on was ten feet above the high-water mark, and they had no ropes.

'We must wait,' said Jackson, 'until the tide falls.'

'But if it should carry her out with it?'

'It will not do that,' said Burton, 'or it would have done it before now.'

After a hurried consultation, it was agreed that two of the men should go to the shore in one of the boats to give notice of the accident, and to bring back coverings in which to wrap the dead body; also to bring the servant, if she could be induced to come.

The two men went away, and Burton and Jackson began their terrible watch, under the glorious May sky, with the dancing waves around them, the song of the birds in the air, and under their eyes the tranquil flow of the lucid water—now sparkling with light, now shaded, dimpled by a passing cloud, but falling, falling, inch by inch, lessening its merciful, softening interposition between them and the awful, stark, dead face beneath it.

The men kept their watch. People began to collect upon the shore, and there were murmuring and movement among them, as the silent sentinels above the ravine could see. Time passed—the messengers did not return.

'They have gone to tell the police, and to fetch a doctor,' whispered Jackson; but Burton shook his head, and answered never a word.

The water fell, and fell. The dim, blurred, awful outline above the rock became more distinct. One round limb had fallen over the edge of the mass of stone, and the white foot was moved gently by the gurgling, rippling wave.

The water fell, and fell, until at length the form, in its long dress of brown serge, became visible, flung upon its couch of hard rock, the head fallen over the edge;

the long, fair hair, heavy with weeds and moisture, trailing by the side. When only a few inches' depth of water covered the dead body, the two men went down the side of the ravine, and waded into its entrance, above their knees at the first step. As soon as they reached the rock, the explanation of the position of the body was manifest. The long, heavy bathing-dress was torn at one shoulder, and a jutting fragment of rock had caught and held it securely, resisting the motion of the water, which, indeed, was almost imperceptible. Beneath the bathing-dress upon the rock, something white was trailing. This Bur-

ton lifted up and looked at; then he dropped it, and caught Jackson's arm, as he was about to lift the head and shoulders of the corpse.

'Don't touch her,' he whispered in the man's ear. 'Don't lay a hand on her till there are more here to see and swear to how she's found. What brings her bathing-sheet under her? What should she take it into the sea for? What brought her clothes upon the hill? Don't touch her, mate; don't touch her. This is no accident; there's foul play here.'

And he muttered to himself, 'Maggie's right, by Heaven!'

**TRANSFUSION OF THE BLOOD — SINGULAR RECOVERY.** — We find it stated in the *Amico del Popolo* of Palermo, that Dr. Enrico Albanese a few days ago performed the operation of transfusion of the blood with success at the Ospitale della Concezione of that city. A youth aged seventeen, named Guiseppe Ginazzo, of Cinisi, was received at that establishment on the 20th of September last with a bad humour on his leg, which in the end rendered amputation necessary, the patient being very much emaciated, and labouring under fever. The operation reduced him to a worse state than ever, and it became apparent that he was fast sinking, the pulse being imperceptible, the eyes dull, and the body cold. In this emergency Dr. Albanese had recourse to the transfusion of blood as the only remedy that had not yet been tried. Two assistants of the hospital offered to have their veins opened for the purpose, and thus, at two different intervals, 220 grammes of blood were introduced into the patient's system. After the first time he recovered the faculty of speech, and stated that, before, he could neither see nor hear, but felt as if he were flying in the air. He is now in a fair state of recovery.

The following are the ages respectively of several well-known literary men and others in England:—

Henry Kingsley, 89; George Meredith, 41; James Hannay, 42; John Hollingshead, 42; George Augustus Sala, 43; Wilkie Collins, 45; Matthew Arnold, 46; Edward Stephen Dicey, 49; Rev. C. Kinsley, 50; John Ruskin, 51; Dr. G. W. Dasent, 51; J. A. Froude, 51; Captain Mayne Reid, 51; Arthur Helps, 51; G. W. Lewes, 52; Tom Taylor, 53; Charles Darwin, 53; Samuel Smiles, 53; Shirley Brooke, 53; William Howard Russell, 53; Anthony Trollope, 54; Charles Reade, 55; John Forster, 57; R. Browning, 57; C. Mackay, 57; Charles Dickens, 57; John Oxenford, 57; A. W. Kinglake, 58; Dr. John Brown, 59; A. Tennyson, 59; John Hill Burton, 60; Lord Houghton, 60; Mark Lemon, 60; Ed-

ward Miall, 60; Charles Lever, 62; John Stuart Mill, 62; Lord Lytton, 64; Professor Maurice, 64; Harrison Ainsworth, 64; George Borrow, 65; Robert Chambers, 69; William Chambers, 69; Barry Cornwall, 70; J. B. Planché, 73; Rev. G. B. Gleig, 73; T. Carlyle, 74; W. Howitt, 74; George Grote, 75; Sir John Bowring, 77; Charles Knight, 79; J. P. Collier, 80.

#### OLD-YEAR'S NIGHT.

##### I.

The windy trouble of the western sky  
Has all died out, save one long line of fire  
And hark! the breeding north sweeps sadly by  
And moans about the poplar's gusty spire.

##### II.

No snow to-night. This pit'less wind alone  
Betwixt the poor pinch'd earth and callous  
sky  
"Old year," it cries, shrill mock'ry in its tone;  
"I come to see the grizzly old year die!"

##### III.

O, bitter cold! beneath dark cottage-eaves  
The icicles drip slowly into length.  
In empty woods black corpses of dead leaves  
Curl up with torture of the winter's strength.

##### IV.

"Old year, old year, the night flies on apace:  
Impatient waits the new-call'd king without.  
Take up thy mantle, hide thy wrinkled face;  
What lags the weak, despised old year about?"

##### V.

Hark, midnight chimes! The weary eyelids  
close;  
Faint sounds his death-knell as the sea in  
shells:  
The old year dies with all his wounds and woes;  
The new year comes with heedless ring of bells.  
Tinsley's Magazine.



From Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE VOICES OF NATURE.

Largior hic campos aether, et lumine vestit  
Purpureo.

## I.

WEARIED with the golden glare,  
With the noise of worldly things,  
Take us to thy larger air,  
To the shadow of thy wings :  
In the wild with Nature lonely  
Listening for thy message only.

## II.

— In the meadows, in the vales,  
In the greenness of the grove ;  
Where the snowy sea-bird sails,  
Blue below and blue above ;  
Where the echoes pause to hear us,  
More than what we know is near us.

## III.

Liquid light along the dim  
Verge, where summer dawning breaks ;  
Slopes of rock on hill-sides grim ;  
Mid-day sun on trembling lakes ;  
Bitter cry of breezes roaming ;  
Glimmers in the hazy gloaming ;

## IV.

Sapphire rents in icy streams ;  
Walls of sea, from mountain tops  
Caught afar in purple gleams ;  
Murmurs of the midnight copse ;  
Peaks in fierce contortions riven,  
Frowning 'gainst the quiet heaven ; —

## V.

O, a hidden life, we cry,  
Lurks beneath this eyeless mask ;  
Soul of Nature, thou art nigh ;  
Speak ! — we hear ! — In vain we ask :  
She looks on with mute appealing,  
Heartless 'neath the show of feeling.

## VI.

What in Nature is our share,  
Blind 'mid all her loveliness, —  
This inexorable fair, —  
This unconscious awfulness ?  
What lies hid behind her seeming,  
Felt, not seen, in fitful gleaming ?

## VII.

When the glare of day is past,  
And the thousand ancient eyes  
Open on us in the vast,  
To the heart their influence flies ;  
And the sea of worlds around us  
To a nothing seems to bound us.

## VIII.

And the silver ways of heaven  
Wind like rivers o'er the sky,  
Till the regent moon, with even  
Pace, unveils her majesty ;

## IX.

— Who is man, and what his place,  
Anxious asks the heart, perplex'd  
In this recklessness of space,  
Worlds with worlds thus intermix'd ;  
What has he, this atom creature,  
In the infinitude of Nature ?

## X.

— Morning comes, where, eastward spread,  
Cloudy curtains fold the day,  
Till the Dawn quits Tithon's bed,  
Till the bold sun rends his way :  
Then to climb the zenith golden,  
All that lives, as his, beholding.

## XI.

In thyself well might'st thou trust,  
God of ancient days, O Sun !  
All thy sequent stars the dust  
From thy whirling car-wheels spun :  
All that lies within thy seeing  
From thy golden smile has being.

## XII.

Who the ages can recount  
Since the vaporous ring of earth,  
Floating from the central fount,  
Orb'd together at the birth,  
Or since, in the warmer ocean,  
Life in her first cell had motion ?

## XIII.

As beyond the farthest star  
Star-clouds swim in golden haze,  
So, in long procession, far  
Passes life beyond our gaze :  
Myriad stars and systems o'er us ;  
Myriad layers of life before us.

## XIV.

Through the mollusc, through the worm,  
Life reveals her gradual plan ;  
Form developing to form,  
Till the cycle stays with man, —  
Feeblest born and last in season,  
Yet sole child and heir of reason.

## XV.

What is man, the heart once more  
Asks, if, — after ages gone,  
Slow upheavals, shore on shore,  
Countless years condensed in stone,  
Fields of ice, and floods of fire, —  
Life accomplish'd her desire ?

## XVI.

If, through long-evolving choice,  
Man attain'd his dizzy place,  
Poised 'twixt two infinities,  
Endless time, and boundless space,  
What is he, this atom creature,  
Wavering in the abyss of Nature ?

## XVII.

— In the early days of life  
Nature's law seem'd chaos wild ;  
Earth with Deity was rife ;  
Man, the God's own care and child,  
His own soul in all things seeing,  
Deem'd himself the crown of being.

## XVIII.

Wider his horizons grown,  
Man acknowledges his place ;  
Sees his dot of life alone  
In the vast of time and space :  
Blind mechanic forces round him  
On all sides conspire to bound him : —

## XIX.

All creation save himself  
Seems by changeless law to flow :  
He, like some poor childish elf  
Where huge engines groan and go ;  
'Mid the ponderous systems turning,  
No place left for him discerning : —

## XX.

Then, in wonderment and fear  
At the Whole he dimly grasps,  
To the senses bounds his sphere,  
Life as his sole portion clasp ;  
All that passes man's exploring  
As of no avail ignoring : —

## XXI.

Sweeps aside, as vague or vain,  
All of spiritual source ;  
Soul, a function of the brain ;  
God, a metaphor for Force ;  
So, half pride of heart, half humbly,  
Sits and waits his future dumbly.

## XXII.

— Voice of Nature in the heart,  
Waken us to braver things !  
Teach how all at which we start  
From the mind's own image springs :  
Born within that inward mirror,  
Ghosts we raise we flee in terror.

## XXIII.

Thy whole universe is less  
Than one atom-grain of thought ;  
Forms of man's own consciousness,  
Space and Time o'erwhelm him not ;  
Feeblest born and last in season,  
Yet sole heir and child of reason.

## XXIV.

Conscious in his heart alone,  
Nature reads herself in Man :  
Only here has freedom known,  
Bound elsewhere by changeless plan :  
Elsewhere, blind instinctive being ;  
Here alone is seen and seeing.

## XXV.

Now, on all we touch and see,  
As progressive truth evolves,  
Science lays her high decree,  
Matter into Force resolves ;  
Force by other force replaces :  
Points to one that all embraces.

## XXVI.

Call her law, this wondrous whole,  
Call her force, — the heart of man  
Hears the voice within the soul  
Dominant o'er Nature's plan ;  
Laws of mind their echo finding  
In the laws on atoms binding.

## XXVII.

— Voice of Nature in the heart,  
Narrow though our science, though  
Here we only know in part,  
Give us faith in what we know !  
To a truer life aspiring,  
Satisfy the heart's desiring : —

## XXVIII.

Tell us of a force, behind  
Nature's force, supreme, alone :  
Tell us of a larger mind  
Than the partial power we own :  
Tell us of a Being wholly  
Wise and great and just and holy : —

## XXIX.

Toning down the pride of mind  
To a wiser humbleness,  
Teach the limits of mankind,  
Weak to know, and prompt to guess,  
On the mighty shores that bound us  
Childlike gathering trifles round us : —

## XXX.

Teach how, yet, what here we know  
To the unknown leads the way,  
As the light that, faint and low,  
Prophesies consummate day ;  
How the little are before us  
Proves the perfect circle o'er us : —

## XXXI.

How the marr'd unequal scheme  
That on all sides here we meet,  
Either is a lawless dream,  
Or must somewhere be complete ; —  
Where or when, if near or distant,  
Known but to the One Existent.

## XXXII.

— He is. We meanwhile repair  
From the noise of human things  
To the fields of larger air,  
To the shadow of his wings :  
Listening for his message only  
In the wild with Nature lonely.

F. T. PALGRAVE

## CHAPTER V.

## THE GOOD COMRADE.

THE Major lived in a beautifully situated house in the vineyard of a rich vintner from the fortress, or rather, to use the proper expression, of a brother of the order, for the central point of the Major's life rested firmly in Freemasonry, and he cherished it within his life and thought as his holy of holies; and if men talked of the riddles of life, his face always said, — I see no mystery, all is clear to me; only come to us, we have an answer to everything.

The small house which the Major inhabited was attached to the large mansion; one side looked toward the highroad, and the other commanded a view of the river and the mountains beyond. The Major confined himself strictly to his little house, and his own special little garden with its arbor. He watched over the larger dwelling and its garden, like a castellan, but he never lived there, and often did not enter them for the many months during which they stood empty.

Eric found the Major in his little garden, smoking a long pipe and reading the newspaper, with a cup of cold coffee before him. An exceedingly neat-looking old lady, with a large white cap, was sitting opposite, engaged in darning stockings; she rose as soon as Eric entered the garden, and hardly waited to be presented. The Major touched his cap in military fashion, and took the long pipe from his mouth.

"Fräulein Milch, this is my comrade, Herr Doctor Dournay, lately Captain."

Fräulein Milch courtesied, took up her basket of stockings, and went into the house.

"She is good and sensible, always contented and cheerful; you will become better acquainted," said the Major, as she withdrew; "and she understands men, — no one better, — she looks them through and through. Sit down, comrade, you have come just at my pleasantest hour. You see, this is the way I live: I have nothing particular to do, but I get up early, — it prolongs life, — and every day I gain a victory over a lazy, effeminate fellow, who has to take a cold bath, and then go to walk; he often doesn't want to, but he has to do it. And then, you see, I come home, and sit here in the morning: — and here is a white cloth spread on the table, and before me stand a pot of coffee, good cream, a roll—butter I don't eat. I pour out my coffee, dip in the roll which is so good and crisp — I can still bite well, Fräulein Milch keeps my teeth in order — then at the second cup, I take my

pipe and puff out the smoke over the world, and over the world's history, which the newspaper brings me every day. I still have good eyes, I can read without spectacles, and can hit a mark; and I can hear well, and my back is still good; I hold myself as straight as a recruit — and look you, comrade, I am the richest man in the world. And then at noon I have my soup — nobody makes soup like her — my bit of good roast meat, my pint of wine, my coffee — with four beans she makes better coffee than any one else can with a pound — and yet it has happened to me a thousand times to have to sing this song to the fellow sitting here: You are the most ungrateful fellow in the world, to be cross as you often are, and wish for this and that which you have not. Only look round you; see how nice and neat everything is, — good bread, a good arm-chair, a good pipe and so much good rest, — you are the happiest man in the world to have all this. Yes, my dear comrade, you may be deucedly learned — I beg pardon — I mean, you may be very learned — look you — I never studied, I never learned anything, I was a drummer — I'll tell you about it sometime — yes, comrade — what was I saying? ah, that's it, you know a thousand times more than I do, but one thing you can learn of me. Make the best of life; now's the time, be happy now, enjoy yourself now, this hour won't come back again. Don't always be thinking about to-morrow. Just draw a long breath, comrade — there, what sort of air is that? is there better anywhere? — and then we have our nice, clean clothes on! — Ah, thank the Builder of all the worlds! — Yes, comrade, if I had had any one, when I was your age, to tell me what I'm telling you — Pooh, pooh! — What an old talker I am — I'm glad you've come to see me! — Well, how do you get on? Are you really going to drill our boy? I think you are the right man to do it, you will bring him into line — you know, comrade, what that means — only a soldier can do that. Only a soldier can school men. Nothing but strict discipline! — I'll warrant, he'll come out right — he'll do well — Fräulein Milch has always said, 'He'll come out right, if he only falls into the right hands.' The school-masters are all of no use; Herr Knopf was very worthy and good-hearted, but he didn't hold the reins tight. Thank the Builder of all the worlds, now it's all right! — Thank you for coming to see me. If I can help you, remember that we are comrades. It's very fortunate that you have been a soldier. I have always wished — Fräulein Milch can testify that I've said a hundred times, none

but a soldier will do! — Now let us make a soldier of Roland, a true soldier, he has courage, he only wants the training!"

"I should like," answered Eric, "if I really have the position —"

"Really have the position? There's no doubt about it, I tell you—Pooh, pooh; I'll wager something on that. But, I ask your pardon, I won't talk any more — what were you going to say, comrade?"

"I think we ought not to train him for any special calling; Roland must be a cultivated, wise, and good man, whatever his profession may prove to be —"

"Just so, just so — excellently said — that's right — the fellow has given me much anxiety! How foolish people are, to hanker after millions. When they get them, all they can do is to eat their fill and sleep eight hours, that's all any one can do. The chief point is —" here the Major lowered his voice, and raised his hand — "the chief point is, he must return to nature; that is all the world needs — to return to nature."

Eric luckily abstained from asking the Major what he precisely meant by this mysterious proposition, for the Major would, unfortunately, not have been able to tell him; but he was fond of the phrase, and always used it, leaving every one to find out the meaning for himself.

"To return to nature, everything is included in that," he repeated.

After a while he began to —

"Yes, what was I going to ask? — Tell me, did not you have a great deal to bear as a soldier, because you were a commoner and not a noble?"

Eric answered in the negative, and the Major stammered out, —

"Indeed, indeed — you — a liberally educated man, felt less of it. I asked for my discharge. I'll tell you about it sometime."

Eric mentioned that he had been at the priest's, and the Major said, —

"He is an excellent man, but I call for no aid of the ecclesiastics. You know I am a Freemason."

Eric assented, and the Major continued: "Whatever is good in me has its home in that; we will talk farther of it — I will be your god-father. Ah, how glad Herr Weidmann will be to know you."

And again, at the mention of Weidmann's name, it seemed as if a beautiful view of the highest mountains of the landscape was brought before the mind. The Major resumed: —

"But now as to the ecclesiastics. Look" — he drew his chair a little nearer — "look at my drum, it's all there in that — look

you, I was a drummer — yes, smile away, if you like — look! you, everybody says such a drum makes nothing but racket, and I tell them there's music in it, as beautiful as — I won't disparage any one — as beautiful as any other — look you, then, I say, — mark my words — then I say, 'I will not quarrel with you if you hear nothing but noise, but don't quarrel with me, if I hear something else.' Look you, I have thought it all over, everything else will be made by machinery, men are very clever, but drum and trumpet-signals can not be made by machinery, human hands and mouths are needed for that; I was a drummer, for example, I'll tell you about it. Look you, I know by the sound what sort of a heart a man has, when he beats a drum; where you, my brother, hear nothing but noise and confusion, I hear music and deep meaning. Therefore, for God's sake, no strife about religions; one is worth as much or as little as another, they only lead the march; but the main thing is, how every man marches for himself, how he has drilled himself, and what sort of a heart he has in his body."

Eric was amused by the eccentricity of this man, who had a deep earnestness and moral freedom peculiar to himself.

Standing his pipe near him, the Major asked, —

"Is there any human being in the world whom you hate, at the sight of whom the heart in your body gives a twist?"

Eric answered in the negative, and said that his father had always impressed it upon him, that nothing injured one's own soul like hatred; and that for his own sake, a man ought not to let such a feeling take root within him.

"That's the man for me! that's the man for me!" cried the Major. "Now we shall get on together. Whoever has had such a father is the man for me!"

He then told Eric that there was a man in the village whom he hated: he was the tax-collector, who wore the St. Helena medal given by the present Napoleon to the veterans, for the heroic deeds in which they had taken part in the subjugation of their fatherland. "And would you believe it!" exclaimed the Major, "the man has had himself painted with the St. Helena medal; the portrait hangs framed in his room of state, and under it, in a separate frame, the diploma signed by the French minister. I don't bow to the man, nor return his bow, nor sit down at the same table with him; he has a different principle of honor from mine. And tell me, ought there not to be some way of punishing such men? I

can only do it by showing my contempt; it is painful to me, but must I not do it?"

The old man looked much astonished when Eric represented to him that the man ought to be judged mildly, since vanity had great powers to mislead, and besides, many governments had been well pleased to have their subjects win the St. Helena medal, and the man, who was in the service of the state, was not to be sentenced without hearing.

"That's good! that's good!" cried the old Major, nodding frequently, according to his habit; "you are the right kind of teacher! I am seventy years old, that is, I am seventy-three now, and I've known many men, and let people say what they will, I have never known a bad man, one really bad. In passion, and stupidity, and pride, men do much that's wrong; but, good God! one ought to thank his heavenly Father that he isn't such as he might very often have become. Thank you; thank you: you have lifted the enemy from my neck;—yes, from my neck; he has sat there, heavy and—look, here comes the man himself!"

The collector was walking by the garden; the Major went to the hedge with many nods and gestures of his hand; he hoped, perhaps, that the man would utter the first greeting; but as this did not happen, he suddenly called out, with a voice like the explosion of a bomb,—

"Good-morning, Herr Collector!"

The man returned his salutation and went on. The old Major was entirely happy, and passed his hand several times over his heart, as if a stone or burden were removed from it. Fräulein Milch looked out of the window, and the Major asked her to come out, as he had something very good to tell her. She came, looking still neater than before, having put on a white apron, in which the ironed folds were still fresh. The Major told her that the collector was not to blame, for he had received the St. Helena medal only in obedience to the government.

They went together to the house, and the Major showed his guest the rooms where simple neatness reigned; then he looked at the barometer, and nodded, saying to himself, "Set fair."

Then he looked at the thermometer screwed up by the window, and wiped his forehead, as if he had not felt till then how hot it was.

A shot was heard in the distance, and the Major pointed out to Eric the direction whence the sound came, saying,—

"I can hear the gun-practice from the fortress. I find that the rifle-cannon have just the same sound as the smooth-bore. Ah, comrade, you must instruct me in the new art of war. I don't know anything about it, but when I hear them firing down there, all the soldier in me wakes up."

He asked Fräulein Milch to bring a bottle of wine, one of the very best. Fräulein Milch seemed to have it all ready; she brought bottle and glasses directly, but gave the Major a significant look, which he understood, and answered:—

"Don't be afraid; I know very well that I can't drink in the morning. Pray, captain, give me your cork-screw. I take you to be the right sort of man, and the right sort of man always has a cork-screw in his pocket."

Smiling, Eric handed him his knife, which was fitted with a cork-screw.

While the Major was opening the bottle, he said,—

"And another mark of a genuine man is, that he can whistle. Comrade, be so kind as to whistle once for me."

Laughter prevented Eric from drawing up his lips. The bottle was uncorked, and they drank to good comradeship. The Major said,—

"Perhaps we are in better spirits here, than our friend Sonnenkamp in his grand villa. But Herr captain, I say again, an elephant is happy, and a fly is happy too; only the elephant has a larger proboscis than the fly."

The Major laughed till he shook with delight at his comparison, and Eric found the laughter contagious, and as often as they looked at each other, the laughter began afresh.

"You show me the meaning of the proverb," cried Eric, "'a gnat may be taken for an elephant,' and in fact it is correct; not the size, not the mass, but the organism is the life."

"Just so, just so!" exclaimed the Major. "Fräulein Milch, come in again a moment."

Fräulein Milch, who had left the room, re-entered, and the Major continued,—

"Pray, captain, say that once more about the organism. That is the sort of thing for Fräulein Milch, for, look you, she studies much more than she chooses to let any one know. If you please, comrade, the organism once more. I can't tell it half so well."

What was Eric to do? He explained his figure again, and the laughter broke out anew.

Fräulein Milch recommended to Eric the



school-master of the village, as a remarkably fine writer, and the Major cried, laughing, —

"Yes, comrade, Fräulein Milch is a living roll of honor for the whole region; if you want information about anyone, ask her. And for Heaven's sake, don't let the Countess Wolfsgarten give you any medicine. Fräulein Milch knows much more about it — and no one can apply leeches so well as she can."

Eric saw the good old woman's embarrassment, and began to praise her beautiful flowers, and thriving plants, which stood in the window. The Major asserted that she understood gardening perhaps even better than Herr Sonnenkamp, and if it were only known with what small means she raised her plants, she would get the first prize at the exhibition, instead of the gentlemen with their great forcing-houses.

Turning the conversation, Fräulein Milch said to Eric that it was the chief misfortune of Roland, the poor rich boy, that he had no real satisfaction.

"No real satisfaction?" laughed the Major; "just listen to that!"

"Yes," asserted Fräulein Milch, the ribbons and bows on her cap nodding assentingly as she spoke, "he has merely pleasure and amusements that money can buy, but they are not genuine; and any one who only drives through the world for pleasure, with nothing to do in it, seeks satisfaction in vain."

A gleam of pleasure from Eric's eyes rested on the good Fräulein, and at that moment a secret bond of union, a sense of mutual understanding, was formed between them.

Accompanied by both as far as the garden-gate, Eric left the house. When the door was opened, a brown and white spaniel jumped upon the Major.

"Halloo!" cried the Major, in a tone of mingled scolding and caress, "where have you been again, you disorderly vagabond, who can tell where? and here we've had a visitor; old as you are, you will never learn good behavior and regular habits. Shame on you — shame!"

So spoke the Major to his dog Laadi, well-known in all the country round; he kept a female dog, because the village dogs never fought with her.

As the Major left the garden with Eric, he said, —

"Look at these two posts, these closely-trimmed ash-trees. Several years ago I noticed that the one at the left got its leaves ten or eleven days before the one at the right. Now, once the frost came unexpect-

edly, and the leaves withered on the left-hand one, and it drooped all summer; since then it has been prudent, and lets the other get its leaves first, and then itself leaves out. Doesn't it seem as if trees had understanding? Yes, dear comrade, everything is better arranged in the world than we understand, and, look you, though I have a pension and nothing to do, I have so many things to keep in sight, that the day is often too short. Now, good-by, and remember that you can always feel at home with us."

And as Eric shook hands, he added: —

"I thank you, for now I have another man to hold dear, and that's the best thing in the world to keep one young and sound."

Eric had gone several steps, when the Major called to him to stop, and coming up to him, said: —

"Yes, as to Herr Sonnenkamp — do not be led astray, comrade. Men of the world either make an idol of a successful man, or they abuse him. Herr Sonnenkamp is somewhat rough outside, but he is good at heart; and, as to his past history, who is there who can feel satisfied with all his past life? can any man? certainly not I, and I don't know anyone who can. I have not always lived as I wish I had. But enough, you are wiser than I."

"I understand perfectly," replied Eric. "American life is an existence without a seventh day of rest; there is a continual working and striving to win money, nothing else. If men have led such a life for half a score of years, they lose the power of turning to anything else; they say to themselves that if they only had enough — ah, those who strive for gold never get enough — they say then they would devote themselves to nobler ends. If it were only still possible! I understand you, and wonder at Herr Sonnenkamp."

"Just so — just so," said the Major, "he must have dragged himself through a good deal of mud, as a gold-hunter, to get such a great property together. Yes, yes, I am easy — you are wiser than I. But now, just for the first time, the main question occurs to me — look at me, tell me honestly, is it true that you have been to see Fräulein Manna at the convent?"

"I have been at the convent, and saw Fräulein Manna, but without knowing her or speaking to her."

"And you didn't come to establish yourself in the house, in order to marry the daughter?"

Eric smiled, as he said in reply, how strangely this question came to him from every direction.

"Look you, comrade, put the maiden out of your thoughts, she is as good as betrothed to Baron Franken — I would rather you should have her, but it can't be changed."

Eric at last got away, and went back toward the villa with cheerful thoughts. Good powers were working together to keep Roland constantly in a circle of thought and feeling, from which he might not deviate through his whole life.

He stopped before a wide-spreading walnut tree, and looked up smiling into its rich branches.

"Sonnenkamp is right," he said to himself; "the planting of trees and their growth depend upon the surrounding heights and the prevailing winds. There are nervous trees, which are killed by the blasts, and others which only strike root when they are blown this way and that by the wind. Is not the life of man such a plant? the men around it constitute its climatic zone."

Eric thought he was constantly getting a better insight into the influences which were helping, and those which were hindering, the true growth of his pupil.

How rich is the world! Up there at the castle sits the old count by his young wife's side, and creates for himself an ideal realm of thought, after a full and active life; — here sits the old Major with his house-keeper. How Bella would turn up her nose if she were compared with that house-keeper, and yet —

Suddenly Eric heard carriage wheels behind him, and a man's and a woman's voice called out to him.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### A THIRD PERSON.

On the day that Eric had left Castle Wolfsgarten, an habitual visitor made his appearance there; this was the son of the eminent wine-merchant, the so-called wine-count. He came once a week, to play chess with the count. He looked young, but he was worn out in soul, not knowing what to do in the world; he derived no satisfaction from the business of his father, had money enough, had learned a variety of things, was something of a musician, drew a little, had very various talents, but no one predominant. All was wearisome to him; hollow and stale seemed that enjoyment of life which was to be decorously pursued. Wherefore should he devote himself to the restricted limits of some regular pursuit, in order to make money? That is wholly needless. He was a director in several railroads, and for a period it had satisfied him to oversee and to manage, to be saluted

respectfully, and listened to obsequiously, by the subordinates held strictly to their place; but that too became distasteful to him. Travelling, too, proffered him nothing further, one had to drag along with himself continually such an extra weight of ennui. He turned a disgusted eye upon the world which had nothing to do for him, and in which he could do nothing. He had cultivated one talent, that of chess-playing, and as Clodwig also took great pleasure in the game, and was skilful in it, he came every week to Wolfsgarten, and played with Clodwig, for it conferred upon him a special regard in his own eyes, and in those of others.

He had also a great reputation, among all those in the neighborhood who prided themselves upon the same qualities as he, of being a rake, and appearing to the world as a gallant. He had a collection of lewd pictures of every kind, and one must be very intimate with him to be able to say that he had seen them all, even to the most carefully hidden. Of course the wine-chevalier presented a very respectable appearance before the world. No one had ever seen him intoxicated, and, in general society, he always played the part of one very condescending and indifferent, who is yet so noble as to remain in intercourse with these inferior people, as much as to say, One owes that much for old acquaintance sake. Mothers always warned their daughters of the Wine-chevalier, just as one speaks to children of the wolf howling outside there in the fields, but the mothers themselves did not take it in bad part when he sometimes cast a languishing glance upon them, and even when he frequently said something to them in whispers.

The justice's daughter, Lina, was not so simple as the mother always said, for she declared that the Wine-chevalier was that transformed manikin in the fairy-tales, who travelled to learn what shivering meant.

The Wine-chevalier of course kept himself fresh in his toilet and his anecdotes, and in everything, externally and internally, that the prevailing fashion required, from year to year, living also for several months in Paris. He did not, like his father, speak of his friend this and the other ambassador, minister so and so, and prince so and so, but he let it be known that he lived in the most inseparable intimacy with the most famous members of the Jockey Club.

The Wine-chevalier always experienced, besides, some degree of pleasure in devoting himself to paying courteous compliments to the virtuous Frau Bella, but she

looked at him to-day, as if he were not present, and as if she heard not a word of what he was saying. The count also was so abstracted and absent-minded, that he speedily lost all the games, often gazing at him with wonderment, sitting there in the same chair that Eric had occupied.

A new ally to the Wine-chevalier made his appearance, but this was also of no avail to-day. A corpulent man dressed with fastidious nicety likewise called at Wolfsgarten; he was formerly a famous basso, who had married a rich widow from the neighboring commercial city, and settled down here in this beautiful region. At other times he was well received by Bella, for he sang very agreeably with the remnant of his voice. When he perceived that his greeting to-day was not so cordial as usual, he said that he only came to make a passing call, and Bella was vexed so much the more; she did not like to have Wolfsgarten regarded as a place for casual visits. When both had departed, Bella and Clodwig breathed again freely.

Clodwig went into the cabinet, where he kept the collection of objects that had been excavated from the ground; but all here seemed changed. The urns, the vases, the lachrymatories, swords, necklaces, and many figures in relief looked so very desolate, and a warrior, only half of whose face in burnt clay could be dug out, wore to-day such a hideous visage.

All looked so forlorn, as if these thousand things, brought out of the darkness under ground into the light, were making their moan to Clodwig: What then are we here for? There is something wanting to us, — a piece to each. And if Clodwig had been able to exhibit his soul with all its emotions, he, the well-regulated, would have had nothing but potsherds to show. Something was wanting to him since Eric rode off.

With closed lips, and restless eyes that seemed to be in search of something, he went all day long through house and park. Bella succeeded at last, in bringing him to say that the ideal of his whole life might have been realized, but that he had strangely wanted the requisite energy. He complained, for the first time, of feeling the hesitancy and timidity of age. He made a pause, hoping that Bella would complete the suggestion, but she kept silence; and in a very roundabout way, he explained that people indulged in many luxuries, and yet not the right ones. Finally he came directly to the point, that he considered it wrong to have permitted Eric to depart, he had long wished for such a man, and he might venture perhaps to say, that he would

also contribute to the advancement of the young scholar with the Apollo-form.

The upper lip of Bella quivered, and she said, —

"The captain" — she was going to say, the captain in Goethe's "Elective Affinities," and stumbling over this thought, she continued: — "The captain, — I mean, the doctor, — would certainly consider himself very fortunate. But — we ought surely to speak openly. I have the happiness of a firmly established good name, and we do not ask what people say —"

"Speak out direct," Clodwig said encouragingly, and Bella continued after she had passed a fine pocket-handkerchief over her face: —

"Do you not think that this young man — would often — how shall I express it?"

"Put us into an awkward position?" suggested Clodwig. Bella nodded, but Clodwig had already thought that matter over, and he combated the notion, dwelling upon the consideration of how great an enslavement it would be of the good, if they must omit doing what was noble because the bad committed the basest things under the cloak of deceit.

Bella now advised her husband to send a messenger to Eric immediately, so that he might not enter into any engagement. Clodwig pressed her hand, and went into his study, with an elastic step not often seen in him. He began to write there, but soon came to Bella and said that he could not write, and the simplest thing to do was to order the carriage and drive over at once to Villa Eden.

Clodwig avoided, as a general thing, all immediate connection with Sonnenkamp and his family, so far as it was possible with the intimacy of his brother-in-law there, but to-day nothing was said of this, and they drove off in good spirits.

Frau Bella often drew her veil down over her face and raised it again; she was very uneasy, for she thought over a great many things, and when she noticed the quick beating of her heart, she grasped hastily her husband's hand, saying, —

"Ah! you are so good, so angel-pure! I could never have believed that I should be continually discovering new excellencies in you."

With the utterance of these words aloud, she silenced in some degree the voice speaking within her what she was not willing to acknowledge to herself, — yes, she consciously disowned it. It is an incomprehensible whim, a freak — not of passion, no — how could Bella confess that of

herself? It was the freak of an evil spirit! This young man must possess some incomprehensible, bewildering, magic influence! Bella hated him, for he had disturbed the quiet of her husband, and now was attempting to do the same with her. He should atone for that! She straightened herself back; she was resolved to interrupt the childish, enthusiastic plan of her husband by the very means of her going with him, and if Eric did not perceive her opposition, she would acknowledge it in so many words, and thereby induce him to decline.

Entertaining this thought, she looked up again in a cheerful mood, and Clodwig, perceiving it, settled upon a room for Eric, and laid out the new household arrangement.

A new member of the family too was to be added for Bella, as she was to invite Eric's mother to visit them. It was fortunate that Bella had already known her for some time before, and held her in high esteem. Clodwig informed her that the Dournays also were really of the nobility, and their appellation was Dournay de Saint Mort, and that they had dropped the title only at the expulsion of the Huguenots from France, and he would see to it, in case Eric made a suitable marriage, that his title was renewed, — yes, he could probably do more in his behalf.

Bella asked jokingly, whether he might not desire to adopt him as a son. Clodwig declared that he was not disinclined to do so. With a bitter smile, but to all appearance very lively, Bella answered that it would seem very strange for her to have a son only a few years younger than she was herself.

Now the disintombed antiquities danced joyously before the eyes of Clodwig, and indulged in all sorts of antics. Frau Bella, on the other hand, was exceedingly out of humor; it was a perpetual astonishment to her, that her husband felt so deep an interest in these matters. She had not used deception when, the winter before their betrothal, she had appeared to be a cultivated nature, recognizing the more serious depths of existence, and had manifested an interest in the art-productions of the classic age, in the sciences, and in the higher realities of life; she had, in fact, not wilfully misled him, for she had always supposed that every one regarded these as conversational topics, proper subjects for small-talk. And in regard to the study of the historical development of the past and the present, it appeared to her as a tacitly conventional pastime.

She was terror-stricken to perceive that these great thoughts constituted her husband's very life, that he sorrowed and rejoiced in all that related to the world's progress as in family occurrences, and moreover that he was even religious. He did not speak, as she did, of the dear God, but he would remain in devout contemplation at every manifestation of the Eternal Providence, and wherever a contradiction, a riddle, presented itself, he experienced even a degree of feverish disturbance.

Bella did not confess to herself that the whole appeared to her horribly pedantic, like a preacher or a pedagogue; she had not thought that she was to marry a pedantic professor, instead of a live man.

But whether avowed or not, this whole matter of cherishing a so-called higher interest was extremely wearisome to her. Every one plays only his part in life, and who is to regard it in serious earnest? Those poor devils, the scholars and the philanthropists, may do so, if they please, but not a man of a higher station. Now it appeared that Clodwig was ready to break up a regular routine existence, tedious indeed, but yet tranquil and honorable, by the sudden introduction of a stranger. It was pure calumny, when they said of Bella that she had married the count in the hope of becoming soon a rich and attractive widow. The old Head-equerry had looked out for a good marriage settlement, and a certain part of the income of the great estate was retained and invested yearly, which did not go to the heir by the collateral line. As I have said, it was unmitigated slander that Bella had gone to the altar cherishing a hope of widowhood, but to her alarm — she covered it up whenever she became conscious of it — she found herself growing prematurely old by the side of her husband, who was old enough to be her father.

And who knows how much money Clodwig will spend upon this adventurer, Dournay, who has no regular occupation, and besides, is not in favor at court! But the worst is, that this young man, with his confident expectation of success, will wholly withdraw from her the attention of her husband. They will study with one another, and make explorations, whilst thou wilt be sitting all alone, thou, the young and fresh heart that has devoted itself so nobly, so truly, so self-forgetting, to the care of the old man!

Bella was sorely vexed at Eric, because he made her entertain evil thoughts, and suddenly, while looking at her husband, she cried, —

"In God's name! Your lips are white. What is the matter?"

Were her evil thoughts suddenly to be realized? But Clodwig answered, —

"It's nothing. Look! There he stands. What a wonderful form! I fully believe that he is occupied with thoughts of deepest moment, as he stands there dreamily, gazing down at the grass."

The carriage rolled on. Eric heard his name called, and looked in amazement at the husband and wife, who gave him a cordial greeting. He was made to take a seat in the carriage, and Clodwig's glance to his wife said, "Hast thou ever seen a nobler specimen of a human form?"

Eric was asked whether he had accepted definitely the situation, and when he replied in the negative, Clodwig extended his hand to him, and said, —

"You will find a welcome with me."

Nothing farther could be said, for just then Sonnenkamp trotted up on his black horse, and he was extremely glad to be able to salute such visitors; he was very much surprised, however, to see Eric on such intimate terms with them. He rode up to the coach-door, and very joyfully and respectfully welcomed the guests to the villa.

Hardly had they left the carriage, when another drove into the court, and the physician got out.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### THE FIRST ROSE IN FREE-LAND.

ERIC acquired an entirely new regard by the arrival of Clodwig and Bella. For the first time Sonnenkamp called him "dear friend."

Herr Sonnenkamp offered his arm to Bella, which she accepted, turning slowly toward him, that Clodwig might see how great a sacrifice she was making; her hand rested lightly on Sonnenkamp's arm. As she was thus walking on, holding the arm of the master of the house, she stopped full of wonder, for there was a rose blooming in full beauty upon a rose-bush raised in the Republic.

Herr Sonnenkamp hastened to pluck it, and presented it to her in some pretty words. Bella said that she was very much obliged to him, and seemed not to notice that he again proffered his arm. They went at once to the hot-houses. Joseph, who was always present at the right time, as if specially summoned, received from his master orders to inform Fräulein Perini and Frau Ceres of the visit. Joseph understood.

The doctor had been summoned to Frau Ceres, but when she learned what guests had arrived, she immediately declared that she was well; but she was cunning enough to say to the doctor, that merely seeing him had made her well. Doctor Richard understood.

In the meantime, Clodwig had said to Eric, "You don't remain here; you go with us. I can't leave you."

He jerked the words out briefly and rapidly, as one utters in a compressed, uniform tone something which has lain in his mind for a long time.

Just then, Roland came down the mountain, with his camp-stool and drawing-board, and Bella called out to him, while far off, in a very friendly "welcome."

"How handsome he is!" said she to those standing about her. "He who could fix permanently this image of the marvellous boy as he is coming along, would have a picture out of the Grecian age, by changing camp-stool and portfolio into spear and shield."

Bella perceived the look of happiness in Eric's eyes, and said to him: — "Yes, Herr Doctor, I once gave to an artist at the capital the design for a picture as I saw Roland; he had sprung across the road, and had cast an alms into the hat of a street-beggar sitting upon a heap of stones; and as he sprang back, so well formed and graceful, every muscle stretched, and his countenance so beaming with the delight of beneficence, it was a wonderful sight that can never be forgotten."

Clodwig looked down to the ground; Bella was evidently not aware that it was not she, but he, who had thus seen Roland and given the order to the artist.

Roland was very much surprised at the visit, and the manner in which he was greeted, Bella saying to her husband, — "Clodwig, kiss him for me!" Clodwig embraced the youth, who now turned to Eric with a puzzled look.

"If the Herr Captain remains with us, you must visit us often, dear Roland," said Bella.

Sonnenkamp was at a loss to know what that meant, but the danger of losing Eric seemed immediately to affect the youth, so that he looked up in a help-imploing way. And it was now clear to Eric, what was intended in regard to him, and he now for the first time understood what was interrupted by Sonnenkamp's coming up to the carriage.

They took only a hasty look at the greenhouses, for Bella said that when it was green and blooming outside, the imprison-



ment of the plants had something oppressive to her.

Fräulein Perini soon appeared, sent by Frau Ceres, to make known her intention not to be sick to-day.

Bella and Fräulein Perini had separated themselves from the men; they had much to say to each other, and Eric was naturally the first subject. Bella could not forbear expressing her surprise to Fräulein Perini, that she had so completely seen through the singular man, although Fräulein Perini had not really yet said anything. But this remark forced her to reply, though nothing of her real opinion was given; for Fräulein Perini said that she constantly felt fresh admiration at the German learned world, meaning to include Bella, who was to be almost looked upon as a learned woman.

Bella took no notice of this equivocal compliment; she assumed a matronly tone, while confessing that she had no near relation to the young men of the day, and was not sure that she understood them. Neither one of the ladies seemed to come out fully with her opinion, and each appeared to regard the other as cherishing a secret inclination for Eric.

"Do you know," said Frau Bella, looking very attentively at the rose which Sonnenkamp had given her, "do you know that this man with the double title has an insultingly low opinion of the female sex?"

"No, I did not know that, but it may be a part of that radical heresy, as Baron von Pranken calls it, which he parades with such manifest conceit."

"But what opinion have you formed about Herr Dournay?"

"I have not formed any opinion about him."

"Why not?"

"I am not impartial; he does not belong to our church."

"But supposing that he did belong to our church, how would you then regard him?"

"It is not to be supposed. This complacent self-assumption is not possible with a person who has subjected himself to the divine law; his deportment is that of a prince travelling incog., or more properly, as Herr Baron von Pranken says, 'the man coaches round the world in a lecturer's invisible chair.'"

The two women laughed. Bella had found out enough. She very carefully impressed upon Fräulein Perini the necessity of exerting all her influence against the reception of a man proud of his unbelief. Fräulein Perini held her cross with her left hand, and looked somewhat mischievously

at Bella. Then the countess does not wish to have him here. Is she trying to bring him into her own house, and getting up a nice intrigue against her husband? She hinted, not without mischievous satisfaction, that Herr von Pranken, who had occasioned all this, must also find the proper remedy. Bella gave out also that Eric was, perhaps, unsuitable in another view; and here, for the third time, it was expressly said, that Eric was a "dangerous" man.

Fräulein Perini had spoken of it as applicable, in two respects, to one present and to one absent, for the special interest of Bella had not escaped her penetrating eye.

Quickly, and in order to conceal how well she had hit the mark, she added, that a man like Otto von Pranken had certainly no one to be afraid of. She spoke with sympathizing eagerness of his journey, that perhaps it was imprudent, but one must let the passionate youthful heart take its own course, and it often brought about the right result better than cautious deliberation and consideration. But Fräulein Perini spoke very plainly, and Bella replied as plainly, in condemnation of Pranken's desire to go counter to the social ordinances, but any such tendency must be indulged, though with great reluctance on their part.

Again the conversation reverted to Eric, and Bella was now extremely good-humored. She pitied the man's aged mother, regarded the self-conscious bearing of the youth as in reality timidity; he carried a haughty outside, that he might cover up thereby the menial dependence. An elevation of the eyelids disclosed that Fräulein Perini was slightly hurt, and Frau Bella quickly added, that pious natures are never really oppressed by dependence, for they have in themselves a higher position, yes, they are through piety constituted the equals of anybody.

Fräulein Perini smiled; she understood how kindly Bella treated her, and there was no need of the friendly pressure of the hand to make her perceive it.

A servant came, and announced that Frau Ceres would receive the gracious countess in the balcony-saloon; she was not allowed by her physician to go out into the open air.

Fräulein Perini accompanied Bella as far as the outside-stairs, and made there a very polite courtesy; Bella, however, grasped both her hands with irrepressible cordiality, and said that she should like such a friend as Fräulein Perini for daily intercourse; she pressingly urged her to confer the honor of a visit without any delay.

When the rustling of Bella's garments was no longer heard, Fräulein Perini clawed with her little hand like a cat, which, silently lurking, has caught something; contemptuously she opened her eyes, always so veiled, and her small mouth almost uttered the words,—

"You are all deluded."

Frau Ceres complained of her constant suffering, and Frau Bella attempted to console her, saying that she had everything, and especially such splendid children. She knew not which to praise most, the charming attractions of Roland, or the angelic nature of Manna.

Bella seldom came into Sonnenkamp's house, but when she came there, she was always seized by a passion which is perhaps peculiarly a woman's passion. She lived at Wolfsgarten in an abundance which left nothing to be desired, but as soon as she drove through the gate of Villa Eden, an evil spirit came over her; and the demon's name is Envy—envy of this exuberant superfluity, where there was no dragging along under the burden of old lumber and decaying remnants, but everything newly created. And as often as she thought of Frau Ceres, sparkles flashed before her eyes, for she saw then the diamond ornaments of Frau Ceres, such as the reigning princess herself did not possess.

She was thoroughly condescending and gracious to Frau Ceres, and she was happy that she could be condescending. These people can buy everything for themselves, but not a noble, historically famous name; and if the proposal of Otto succeeds, it is only the covering up of lowness with a fresh varnish, which is always begging, "Do not touch me, if you do, I shall rub off."

Eric was here also naturally a prominent subject of conversation, and Frau Bella pressed the rose to her mouth, in order to hide her laugh, when Frau Ceres said,—

"I should like to have the Herr Captain for myself."

"For yourself?"

"Yes. But I don't think I can learn anything more, I am too old and too stupid. He hasn't let me learn anything."

Frau Bella contested very zealously this modesty. Was not Frau Ceres beautiful and young? She might be taken indeed for Roland's sister. Was she not prudent and elegant in her deportment? Frau Ceres smiled and nodded continually, appearing to believe that it was all true. But now Bella felt obliged to take her leave, as she desired to spare the delicate organization of Frau Sonnenkamp.

Frau Ceres looked up timidly at these

words; she did not know whether that was praise or blame. Bella took leave, kissing Frau Ceres upon the forehead.

Herr Sonnenkamp had left the count and Eric; he had many things to see after in the house, also letters and despatches had come in, which required an immediate answer. He sent moreover for the Major to dinner, and gave orders that if they did not find him at home, they should go for him to the castle.

Clodwig went with Roland and Eric to their room, and before they were aware, they became engaged so earnestly in conversation that they wholly forgot Roland. The youth sat there dumb, looking sometimes at one, and sometimes at the other. He did not understand what they were saying, but he could feel how much they were enjoying. When Clodwig had retired to his own room, Roland seized Eric's hand and cried:—

"I will also learn, I will also study all, whatever you want; I want to be like you and Clodwig."

A thrill passed through Eric's soul. The invitation from Clodwig was exactly the ideal of all that he could desire, but here was an actual duty of life; he could not choose any longer what course to take.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### I SERVE.

THE Major fortunately came as they were about to sit down to dinner. He was extremely glad to meet Clodwig and Bella here; every manifestation of friendliness between individuals was a cordial to him: it confirmed his proposition that all human beings were immeasurably good, and he could thereby silence the revilers and the doubters. He was grateful to Clodwig and Bella, as if he had received a personal favor; he looked at the chairs as if he would enjoin them to seat right comfortably their occupants. He extended his hand to Eric as to a son; he had become thoroughly attached to him, and now he complained to him, with the tone of a child who has eaten dainties by stealth, that he had allowed himself to be enticed; for, wishing to see for himself whether the workmen at the castle had good food to eat, he had made trial of it, and it tasted so unexpectedly good, that he had completely satisfied his appetite.

Eric comforted him with the suggestion, that the nice dishes might yet perhaps find some spare room.

The Major nodded; he said to Joseph the magic word, "Allasch." Joseph understood. At a small side-table he poured

out from a bottle surrounded by little glasses; the Major drank off the tonic.

"That's a quartermaster;" then he nodded to Eric, and his face laughed all over, as Eric responded:—

"Of course, the spirit orders the vulgar mass to give way."

Frau Ceres did not come to dinner. They had hardly taken their seats, before the physician was called away; he immediately rose. Sonnenkamp entreated him to remain, but Clodwig said in a very decided tone, that he would like to urge him to obey the summons, for if one placed himself in the situation of those who were expecting the physician, it would appear a cruel thing to be detaining him here meanwhile for one's own enjoyment.

"That is a nobleman, a genuine nobleman!" said the Major to Eric, and Roland, on hearing it, looked round as if somebody had suddenly seized hold of him. Is his father, then, not noble, for desiring the contrary?

Eric had a feeling of what was passing in the boy's mind, and said to the Major, so that Roland could not but hear him,—

"Herr Sonnenkamp spoke on the very just supposition, that the country people very often exaggerate the danger, and needlessly hurry the physician."

"That's true. I've made a mistake. — I thank you, comrade."

Roland drew a long breath, he gave Eric a smile; he would have liked to embrace and to kiss him.

Eric understood this smile. The table seemed disturbed, for the physician, who had easily and briskly led the conversation, left a gap by his departure; and as they were obliged to sit more closely together bodily, in order to fill up this vacant space, so it seemed as if they must now also for the first time draw nearer together spiritually. And the call made upon them to go, in imagination, with the physician to the bedside of a moaning patient, and to the lamenting relatives, had also interrupted the pleasant mood with which they had seated themselves in good cheer at the table.

Eric, who might well consider that the visit of Clodwig and Bella was meant for him, felt under a double obligation to entertain the guests as well as he could, and bring the company at table into a congenial mood. But while he was yet in search of some thoughts to direct the general conversation, the Major stole a march upon him.

He smiled beforehand very pleasantly, for he had something to tell, and now was the aptest time.

"Herr Sonnenkamp," he began, and his face again became blood-red, for he had to speak in the presence of many persons, —

"Herr Sonnenkamp, it is said in the newspaper that you are soon to receive a great number of visitors."

"I? In the newspaper?"

"Yes. It is not said in so many words, but I infer so. It is said there, that an emigration is now taking place from America, on account of the high cost of living there; many families are coming from the New World to Europe, because they can live with us at more reasonable prices, and in a pleasanter way."

The Major congratulated himself, that he had pushed forward into the gap something very agreeable and very suitable. He drank off, at one draught, with great gusto, a glass of his favorite Burgundy.

Sonnenkamp remarked in a careless way, that probably a prejudice would be created against Americans, like that which existed against English travellers.

No one again took up the conversation; they would gladly have heard Clodwig talk, but he was constrained from the feeling that he had intruded into a strange house, had there sat down as a guest, and yet all the time, he was intending to commit a theft. This made him ill at ease and reserved.

Eric took a different view of his deportment. He gave a fortunate turn to the conversation, referring to Goethe's poem which extolled America because it had no ruined castles, and passing on to the favorite pursuits of Clodwig and of Sonnenkamp, and indeed drawing a parallel between a fondness for antiquity and for the rearing of plants. Eric was very animated and communicative, introducing matters which he knew would awaken interest, and yet in the very midst of his talk there was an accompanying feeling of self-reproach. Until now, throughout his whole life, he had simply replied to questions put to him, and had always spoken either to impart something to others, or to enlighten them; now he was speaking with the view, at any rate with the secondary view, of appearing well, taking pleasure in the effect of this and that expression. He was startled when he became aware of it, and continued speaking further. He repelled the reproachful suggestion, saying to himself that it was really his duty to play the part of host. His eyes glistened, and he brought Sonnenkamp and Clodwig into a state of pleasant animation.

The ladies also received their share. But Bella had a manner, — and since she had it, it must be well-mannered, — when she was not leading the conversation, — no matter

who was speaking, or what was spoken about, — a manner of introducing into the little circle, where it was a disturbing element, a dialogue with the person sitting next to her, and hindering him, even if he wished to do so, from falling into the general stream of conversation.

Eric had vanity enough to make him note her want of interest; it vexed him at first, but afterwards he thought no more about it.

Herr Sonnenkamp was very well satisfied with the family-tutor, who not only made a good appearance in his own sphere, and gave to him the rightful consideration, but whose very presence was an ornament of the house, and brought to his table the noblest of the land.

Clodwig again requested that he might be immediately informed of every remains of Roman Antiquities discovered in the restoration of the castle; Sonnenkamp promised it with readiness, and gave an extremely humorous account of the silly motives attributed to him for rebuilding the castle. Some said he wished to figure in "Bäder's Traveller's Manual," which people carried with them in the summer season, when they passed up and down the river, so that the castle might be pointed at, and the bored English, with finger upon the line of the book, might gape at it awhile with open mouth; but that really an æsthetic reason determined him. He honestly confessed, that he intended in rebuilding the castle to give a harmonious finish to the view from his work-room window, desiring at the same time to make some contribution to the beauty of the German fatherland.

There was always a peculiar tang in Sonnenkamp's utterance of these words, "German fatherland;" one could detect therein something like deep-seated savage hate, and yet the tone was rather that of tender pity and commiseration. Sonnenkamp knew that Clodwig was, of all things else, a patriot, and he was ready to strike this chord. Eric looked at Roland, to see if he noticed the hypocrisy, for it was no longer ago than Sunday, that Sonnenkamp had expressed himself so strangely and contemptuously, when the conversation turned on the sub-

ject of voting. But Roland's features were motionless.

In one view it was encouraging that the inconsiderate mind of the youth did not perceive the contradiction, while in another, Eric saw here an enhancement of the difficulty of his work as an educator; it was indeed his principal problem, to awaken and to establish in the mind of his pupil the consecutiveness and interlinking of all thought and all action.

Sonnenkamp expatiated, too, on the many strange things imputed to him; and yet no one had really made the charge: but he himself, together with Pranken, had spread the report, that he was desirous of giving his own name to the castle, the line of the original family having long since become extinct. It was reported that the Rauhenberg coat of arms was not accurately known, and yet that it was purposed to place it again over the entrance of the restored castle.

Clodwig, who prided himself, notwithstanding all his liberality, in knowing the genealogy of all the princely and noble families, with their coats of arms, affirmed that the Rauhenberg coat of arms was unmistakably certain, and that it had as a device a Moor's head on a blue ground in the left field, and in the right, a pair of scales. The family had greatly distinguished itself in the crusades, and had been at that time invested with a high judicial function.

Sonnenkamp smiled in a very friendly manner, and he almost grinned, as he requested the count to favor him, as soon as possible, with a drawing.

Eric's rich store of knowledge was again a matter of surprise, as he excited attention by the information he gave concerning armorial mottoes.

They were in very good spirits whilst assigning to some one of their circle of acquaintance one and another motto, which sometimes seemed a laughable contrast to the real character, and sometimes a striking expression of it.

"What motto would you select for yourself?" Sonnenkamp asked Eric; and he gave for a reply these two simple words: — "I serve."

**RETOUR DIRECT.** — A man who marries a rich wife must expect occasionally to have it flung in his teeth. We have heard of a retort, however, which we should think must have forever silenced such thrusts. A gentleman who had the misfortune to marry a fortune, was once exhibiting the

fine points of his horse to a friend. "My horse, if you please," said his wife; "my money bought that horse." "Yes, madam," replied the husband, bowing, "and your money bought me too."

Public Opinion.

From The Spectator.

## HANS BREITMANN.

MR. LELAND, — the author of the only translation of Heinrich Heine's songs into English (or rather American) which seems to us to give the least glimpse of the wonderful genius of those pathetic gibes, and scoffing bursts of woe, in which we scarcely know whether there be most of infinite passion and melody, or infinite hate and scorn, — has recently published in the United States some remarkable ballads of his own, not without something in them akin to Heine's own lighter moods of mischief, of which Mr. Trübner has just issued a version\* that bids fair to be very popular in this country. They are slight things, though they are in reality sharp, and not very ageable satires, we should think, on what we should call German Yankeeism, or Yankee Germanism. The hero, Hans Brietmann, we are told by the preface, was a real character, a German of the name of Jost, in the 15th Pennsylvanian Cavalry, "a man of desperate courage whenever a cent could be made, and who *never* fought unless something *could* be made." This is just the sort of hero for satirical ballads of this kind. Mr. Leland's art consists in depicting in a racy, German-Pennsylvanian patois, — which, as he himself appears to think, produces very much the effect of what are called "macaronics," a mosaic work of English and German vernacular, with a grotesque softening of the hard labials and gutturals into soft, and the soft into hard, — *b* becoming *p* and *p* becoming *b*; *d* becoming *t* and *t* becoming *d*; *g* becoming *k* and *k* becoming *g*; — the huge, infinite appetite for earthly things of this thoroughly carnal German-Yankee, and the rather maudlin tendency to infinite sentiment, the slightly lachrymose and beery yearning after the infinite, the dreamy sadness at the earthly end which follows earthly enjoyment even of dollars and Lagerbier, in which the greatest bouts of plunder and feasting are apt to end. There is a peculiar felicity in the adaptation of the dialect to the vein of character indicated. The softening-down of the hard labials and gutturals into the soft, represents the dilution of the hard Yankee sense with the plaintive German sentiment. The hardening, on the contrary, of the soft letters into the hard represents the sharpening of the long-winded and diffuse German thoroughness into the keen, crisp Yankee practicality. The combination is a

sharp satire on the most earthly materialism the world could produce, — the hard (Bismarckian) side of German materialism well soldered together with the hard (General-Butler) side of Yankee 'cuteness, and the whole surrounded with a hazy atmosphere of sentimental idealism, of the kind best fitted to prolong animal sensation after it is physically extinct in a sort of luxurious trance of memory, and to reconcile the rather piggish sentimentalism of the picture to the imagination of the reader by the undeniable humour of the contrasts it delineates and suggests. Take, for instance, the first ballad, "Hans Breitmann's Barty" (Party), which our readers can, we dare say, make out with little or no difficulty: —

[We have lately copied the ballad, and so omit it here. Liv. A.]

Here the size and weight of "Matilda Yane," — a "good large armful," as Mr. Rochester observed in *Jane Eyre* of one of his admirers, who,

" . . . Efery dime she gife a shoomp  
She make de vindow's sound," —

measure as it were the materialistic character of this infinite yearning after beauty into which the ballad subsides in its last verse. After rehearsing the intense delights of unlimited Lagerbier, of the bread and goose, and sausage, and wine, and recounting the bulky Matilda Yane's by no means premature box on the ear, the metaphysical and infinite side of these delights forces itself on the poet's mind; the goose, and the sausage, and the beer, and the fat maiden prolong themselves in his memory, in a sort of dreamy passion of regret, and he ends with a transcendental soul-yearning worthy of Werther or Thackeray's Jeames, asking the abysses, "Where is the heavenly-beaming star, the star of the spirit's light?" and answering with the profound desolation of a Pennsylvanian Child Harold: —

" All goned afay mit de Lager Beer, —  
Afay in de Ewigkeit !"

The likening of the party at which everybody got drunk "ash bigs," and overeat themselves like the same noble animals, to the "lovely golden cloud, dat float on de moundain's prow," and to the star whose light has been dissipated ages since; and, again, the "lyrical cry" of despair, as Mr. Matthew Arnold calls it, with which the ballad ends, at the ruthless eternity into which the party, like the Lagerbier, has flowed away, — these are stings of satire which contain more humour and strike

\* *Hans Breitmann's Party, with other Ballads.*  
By Charles G. Leland. London: Trübner.



deeper than even Jeames's vulgarly lacquered imitations of sentiment.

The 'cute Yankee side of this embodied Appetite for plunder and drink is more elaborately given in the ballad called "Hans Brietmann as a Bumner." This ballad is the tale, — as the preface assures us, — of a real achievement of the prototype of Hans Brietmann. During Sherman's great march across Georgia, this man and his band of bummers, then far in advance of the Northern army, seized one of the fords of a river on the line of march (emboldened thereto by the hope of a great prize of whiskey), in the face of a greatly superior Southern force, which ultimately "gobbled up" the daring Yankee-Germans. But Hans Brietmann was not a man to be "gobbled up" with impunity. A fortnight later, just as Sherman's army got down to the sea, the ghost, as was thought, of Brietmann, in splendid accoutrements, and full of bread and booty, came to meet them, and proved how well he had plundered his captors. The ballad is one of great humour. We can only afford two specimens: —

"BREITMANN AS A BUMMER."

"Der Sheneral Sherman holts oop on his coorse,  
He shtops at de gross-road and reins in his horse.

'Dere's a ford on de rifer dis day we moost dake,  
Or elshe de grand army in bieees shall preak!' "

Ven shoost ash dis vord from his lips had gone bast,

There coomed a young orterly gallopin' fast,

Who gry mit amazement: 'Here Shen'ral!  
Goot Lord!

*Dat Bumner der Breitmann ish holdin' der ford!* "

"Der Shen'ral he ooter'd no hymn und no psalm,

But opened his lips und he priefly say 'D——n!'

Dere moost hafe been viskey on dat side der rifer;

To get it dose shaps would set hell in a shiver;

But now dat dey hold it, ride quick to deir aid:

Ho Sickles! move promp'tly, send down a prigade!

Dat Dootchman moost vork mighty hard mit his sword

If against a whole army he holds to de ford.' "

The picture of Sherman opening his lips just to "priefly say damn" at the prema-

ture designs of the German bumner on the enemy's whiskey, is admirable; but still better is the picture of the grand army just making the sea, and snuffing the salt breeze, when the ghost of the bumner meets them, overburdened with plunder, his knapsacks stuffed with greenbacks and his boots with portemonnaies, while the superstitious Germans, with "oopshoomping hearts," speculate on whether something like the great Hartzman, at last, has marched down to the sea! —

"In dulce jubilo now ve all sings,

A-vaifin' de panners like efery dings,  
De preeze droo de bine-trees ish cooler und salt,

Und der Shen'ral is merry venefer ve halt;  
Loosty und merry he schmell's at de preeze,  
*Lustig und heiter* he looks droo de drees,  
*Lustig und heiter* ash vell he may pe,

For Sherman, at last, has marched down to the sea!

"Dere's a gry from de guart — dere's a clotter und dramp,

Ven dat fery same orterly rides droo de camp  
Who report on de ford. Dere ish drooles and awe

In de face of de youf' apout somedings he saw;  
Und he shepeak me in Fraentsch, like he always do: 'Look!

*Sagre pleu! fentre Tieu!* — dere ish Breitmann — his spook!

He ish goming dis vay! *Nom de garce!* can it pe

Dat de spooks [ghosts] of de tead men coom down to de sea!

"Und ve looks, und ve sees, und ve tremples mit tread,

For risin' all swart on de efenin' red

Vas Johannes — der Breitmann — der was es, bei Gott!

Coom ridin' to oss-vard, right shtraight to de shpot!

All mouse-still ve shtood, yet mit oop-shoompin' hearts,

For he look shoost so pig as de shiant of de Hartz;

Und I heard de Sout Deutschers say 'Ave Morie!  
Braise Gott all good shpirids py land und py sea!'

"Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,

Und be-mark dat he shpook [ghost] hat peen changin' his clothes,

For he seemed like an Generalissimus drest

In a vlammin' new coat und magnificent vest.

Six bistols beschlagen [mounted] mit silbar he vore,

Und a cold mounded swordt like a Kaisar he bore,

Und ve dinks dat de ghosht — or votever he pe —  
Moost hafe proken some panks on his vay to de sea.

“‘Id is he!’ ‘*Und er lebt noch!*’ he lifes, ve all say:

Der Breitmann — Oldt Breitmann! — Hans Breitmann! *Herr Je!*’

Und ve roosh to emprace him, und shtill more ve find

Dat vherefer he’d peen, he’d left noding pehind.

In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys crammed,

Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack jammed,

In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin’ deir doons

Mit two dozen vatches und four dozen shpoons, Und dwo silber tea-pods for makin’ his dea,

Der ghost hafe pring mit him, *en route* to de sea.”

The grim humour in the wonder subse-  
quently expressed at “how Providence  
blessed him with teapods and shpoons,” and  
in Hans Breitmann’s reply,

“If you dells me no questions, I ashks you no lies,”

is much more Yankee than German, as indeed is this whole ballad, in which the German voracity alone, and but little of the German haze of rapturous sentimentalism, is expressed. In the keen but gibing and rather savage satirical ballad suggested by the Rhine legend of the Lorelei, — not, of course, by Heine’s exquisite little poem on the Lorelei, but rather by the spirit of Heine’s biting and at times rather ugly wit, — is embodied an attempt to turn the legend of the water nymph who wiles the stranger into the whirlpool, into a satire on the muddled brain of drinking knighthood. There is a biting sarcasm in this ballad, but it wants that shimmer of German sentiment, of which, as it seems to us, both the dialect and the coarse greed of Hans Breitmann stand in need, in order to set them off at their very best. When Breitmann’s greed becomes maudlin, the ballads attain their climax in art. Here you have the whole of Breitmann’s philosophy in a few words, in which Yankee humour peeps out clearly enough beneath the curling mists of infinite but rather tipsy German yearnings: —

“Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;

Droo all dis earthly land,

A vorkin’ out life’s mission here

Soobyectify und grand.

Some beoblesh runs de beautiful,

Some vorks philosophise;

Der Breitmann solfe de infinide

Ash von eternal shpree!”

That is no bad compendium of the humour embodied in these ballads. Sausage shaded

off into mysterious rapture, beer overflowing the depths of Being, — that is the grand idea of the hero who bids fair to be as popular in the streets of London as he is already in those of New York, St. Louis, and San Francisco.

From The Spectator, 14 Dec.

#### THE DANGER IN GREECE.

THE mischief of this Greek affair is, that at first sight everybody concerned appears to be more or less in the right. The Greeks have for months been assisting their insurgent countrymen in Crete, by every means in their power, short of declaring open war against Turkey, and Englishmen cannot wonder at and can hardly blame their conduct. We should most certainly assist any English-speaking race, whom we considered oppressed by a brutal Asiatic Mussulman power, and if that power was so strong as to make war excessively inconvenient, we should assist them with as much secrecy as the national temperament would permit us to maintain. The Greeks — rightly or wrongly — regard the Turks, as our forefathers regarded the Spaniards, as enemies of the human race, to be injured and weakened, and, when expedient, slaughtered everywhere, on any excuse, and without any particular legal or international sanction. There was “no peace South of the Line” between Spaniards and Englishmen, and outside the Embassies there is no peace anywhere between the Greek and the Turk. The Greek thinks himself a Christian and a European with a capacity for future civilization, and he thinks truly, though he tells lies as readily as his forefathers did when their civilization was the hope of mankind; and he thinks the Turk a dangerous barbarian, who ought to be driven out of Europe, and he thinks truly, though the Turk has received a whitewash of external civilization such as his forefathers would have despised. Unless we blame Cavour for plotting to rescue Tuscany from the German, we cannot blame the Greek for forwarding as many muskets as he can beg and as much gunpowder as he can get anybody to trust him with on very bad security, into Crete. Still less can we blame the Turk. Crete is his by every law except the divine one which prohibits slavery, he knows pretty accurately what is going on, and he has a distinct right, under the public law of Europe, to declare war on Greece and to occupy Athens if he can. Foreign interference with him is interference simply, for which any State strong enough to run

risks would send the interfering ambassador his passports. Whether the Sultan has or has not secret assurances from Napoleon, eager to accept the exclusive protectorate resigned by Lord Stanley, or from Austria, anxious to maintain him against the Roumans, does not make any difference in his moral right, which is as unmistakable as our right would be were the Americans aiding the Australians to rise in open revolt. If the Sultan unassisted has still resolved on war, he is acting a part which the ordinary manliness of Sovereigns would have dictated a year ago. We have as little blame for him as for the Government of King George.

And, so far as we can see, just as little attaches to the Powers who are trying by diplomatic coercion to prevent the outbreak of actual hostilities. It is no business of theirs to prevent Greece from assisting Crete, or Turkey from punishing Greece; but it is their business to provide that Russia shall not assume the protectorate of all Christian subjects of the Sultan, and with it the reversion of Constantinople, the one sovereign geographical position on the globe, the one spot on which a monarchy dangerous to mankind may by possibility be reared. Yet that Russia will assume this attitude if war breaks out is as certain as that Russians think baptism essential to salvation. No despatches forwarded from St. Petersburg, no assurances however solemn, no financial obstacles however great, would, in such an event, be sufficient to impede Russian action. If the Turks march into Greece, and begin depopulating, burning, and ravishing after their fashion, Russia from Odessa to Archangel will rise in a fury such as even the Romanoffs would be powerless to restrain. The Czar must protect the Orthodox Faith or lose his throne, and he would protect it at any hazard, and Europe would be once more reduced to its old alternatives, to hold Turkey back while she has a right to advance, to fight Russia, or to let Russia appear the one Power in Europe friendly to the enemies of the Sultan, the one Power on whose aid in the last resort the Christians of Turkey can implicitly rely. Either alternative involves a catastrophe, more especially in the existing situation of Europe, with Prussia watching France, and France menacing Prussia, and England doubtful of her true interest, and Austria wild with fear lest Roumania and Transylvania should come to terms, and every power armed to the teeth, and at once expecting and dreading war. Who can wonder that diplomatists, anxious first

of all for time, to postpone, if they may not at least avert the cataclysm, should deem any means, however unusual, justifiable, if only they may prevent the first shot, — should menace Turkey, or summon fleets into the harbour of the Piræus? When the results of any movement are so utterly beyond human calculation or official control, it is always the nature, and sometimes the wisdom, of statesmen to arrest the movement itself, to insist as long as they can that the earthquake shall not occur.

But suppose it does occur, what then? It is more than conceivable, it is perfectly possible, — well-informed men say it is most probable, — that Turkey will not hold back, that the Sultan has reached the limit of patience, and that unless Greece yields Omar Pasha will march. It is more than probable, it is certain, that if the question is left to the Greeks, they will fight; that they will not cease from assisting Crete, that they, aware of popular Russian feeling, aware of the plots by which the throne of the Sultan is honey-combed, aware of the intense reluctance of Europe to witness any extension of Ottoman power, will risk all in the hope that the general overturn will end at last in the destruction of a foe whom, on good grounds or bad grounds, they hate as priests hate heretics or heretics priests. What are we to do then? Up to that point Lord Clarendon's course is clear. He will maintain peace if he can, with as little of committal as he can, but with little or much will, as far as may be, help to keep the peace. It is only when it is clear that peace cannot be kept, that the hour has arrived, that the spark in the magazine is past treading out, that the difficulties of the British Government will become serious, very serious, as serious as they have ever been in any crisis of her history. It is nothing less than another Crimean war in which she may be asked to join, a Crimean war, with the old allies, but not with the old foes, a Crimean war, with North Germany, as the Czar's possible ally, limiting or baffling the efforts of France at every step. We cannot imagine a prospect more hopelessly disheartening, not only to those who, like ourselves, believe the Ottomans past hope, or help, or regeneration, but to those who, in spite of experience, still cling to them as the one tribe in South-Eastern Europe with visible capacity to repress.

In that phrase, "a second Crimean war," there lies, as it seems to us, the germs of a sound Radical Eastern policy, — a policy which will work, as the policy of defending Turkey will no longer do. That policy is

to await the inevitable hour when Germany, relieved of her momentary difficulty, will forbid further Russian advance. Let this country determine that under no circumstances will it enter on a second Crimean war, and its course becomes thenceforward, though painful, at least sufficiently clear. There will then be, should war after all break out between Greece and Turkey, but two practical dangers for Great Britain. Russia may win the game so completely as to menace Constantinople, may, that is, beat or bribe France, which is clearly intent on defending Turkey. In that event we can defend Constantinople without defending Turks, and with all Germany for an ally instead of Napoleon. The Germans are just now driven, as it were by force, into an unnatural alliance with the Czars, but they will no more allow Russia to possess herself of the Dardanelles or of the mouths of the Danube than of Berlin or Vienna. Russia will scarcely fight Germany alone, and Germany plus England would be an overmatch for any conceivable Continental league, so visible an overmatch that it is difficult to imagine a statesman adventuring the experiment. Or,—it is conceivable, though improbable,—France may single-handed defeat Russia, and claim from the grateful Turks not the remainder of their suzerainty on the South shore of the Mediterranean, a change of no moment to Great Britain, but Egypt, the key of our Indian house. Then, also, the course of Great Britain will be clear, and she will have two allies, the German people intent on working out their unity, and the one armed friend who never fails us, or betrays us, or interferes with us, or asks to share the spoil, the great military monarchy which we remember for one day once a year as the Indian Empire. The explosion has not yet occurred, and when it occurs it may be the duty of all patriotic Englishmen to support the policy on which the Cabinet may resolve; but of all statesmen in Europe Lord Clarendon is the one most likely to forget that with the rise of Germany, the alliance of France and England ceased to be indispensable to the security of Constantinople.

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From The Spectator, 19 Dec.

#### INDIAN CONSPIRACY.

A FEW weeks ago, while describing the "latest Indian incident," the expedition against the Black Mountain,—an expedition scarcely noticed here, but which in the eyes of Anglo-Indians stamps General Wilde

as an efficient soldier,—we alluded to the secret alliance between the Mohammedan clans of the Suleiman and the Mussulman Puritans of Eastern Bengal. Many of our readers, we dare say, smiled as we described that alliance as one of the dangers which "made the faces of Indian statesmen stern," setting the phrase down as a mere rhetorical flourish, and will smile still when they hear that the Indian Government has permitted part of the evidence on which that statement rested to be published to the world, setting the whole affair down as one of those extraordinary "Indian stories" which nobody believes. Years of freedom have made the idea of a "plot" very unfamiliar to the British mind, and it is very difficult to induce a sharp London man, full of information about people and of ignorance about things, to believe in the reality of any conspiracy till it explodes. In his heart he thinks Napoleon's Ministers silly to make so much of conspiracies, and holds that the Queen of Spain was expelled by an "explosion of outraged public opinion," which somehow, he does not know how, and does not particularly care, became suddenly endowed with the command of bayonets. The story related in the *Friend of India*, on official authority, of a conspiracy stretching over half a continent and embracing many thousands of men, of a secret association levying regular taxes and storing them up for war, of entire provinces honeycombed with secret societies, of an underground railway, as the abolitionists used to call it, a thousand miles long, that is, a chain of stations, hospices, guides, and purveyors maintained to keep up communications among the disaffected, makes no more impression upon his mind than a story from the *Arabian Nights*. Nothing of the kind exists in Western Europe, and the genuine London man means by "mankind" the people of that little corner of the world, by "civilization," their habits, and by "opinion" their incessantly changing ideas. He is sometimes mistaken, nevertheless, and perhaps we may do him a service by pointing out some of the social conditions which make conspiracies in India so frequent, so formidable, and so permanent.

The central social idea of India, among all its tribes, races, and creeds save the Pagan aborigines, is the helplessness of the individual against nature, society, and the ruler. All these forces the native believes, with a belief which has the force of an instinct, are hostile, are permanent, and are irresistible by any individual strength. Alone any man must be defeated, and he ought, as a being possessed of reason, when

so left alone to yield, without senseless resistance or childish repining at his unlucky fate. Accordingly, whenever isolated, he does yield, be the tyranny never so patent; but as, like other men, he dislikes yielding to the disagreeable, he casts about to secure the strength which he sees only in the strictest combination. Sometimes by laws, — as in the case of the family, which in India is, as it were, welded by external pressure into a unit, — sometimes by custom, as in the case of the castes; and sometimes by religious peculiarities, as in the case of the great Hindoo heresies, he contrives to bind fractions of society together into considerable social Trades' Unions, within which he feels himself protected and comparatively safe. He can trust his family, he can trust his caste, he can trust his co-believers, and he gradually builds up between himself and the dreaded outer world a wall of circumvallation, within which only is he himself; — at his ease, unsuspecting, and, for a native, almost cheerful. So passionate is this desire for combination, that the first task of every Hindoo heresiarch is to found a secret society, with caste rules, pass-words, and secret customs of its own, customs which are made, in nine cases out of ten, as offensive to the rest of mankind as it is possible to make them. That very offensiveness serves as a wall against the outer world. Every little body of outcasts which happens to break off from society forms itself into a community, every little sect becomes a separate nation, separate as Jews among Europeans, intermarrying, eating, and where possible dwelling only among its members; every trade becomes a Trade Union, — for example, the printers, who are an anomaly in Hindooism, have formed a very strict one, and the palanquin-bearers are more united than English shipwrights, — and even criminals display the same disposition. More than forty criminal societies are known to be spread over India, with laws, customs, and means of communication of their own, bound together by bonds which, except in rare instances, are never known to break. The Government, aided by a man of genius, succeeded in breaking up one such, the well-known fraternity of Thugs; but it has not yet succeeded in putting down another, the society which lives by poisoning; and has been baffled for years by a third, which maintains itself under the decorous title of "the Basketmakers" exclusively by crime. The very bankers and bill dealers form castes, and their secret language is the despair alike of the English bankers and the Government Post Office. Every such society,

no matter whether the bond be caste, or creed, or race, or crime, keeps if it can its own lodging-places, its own temples, its own post, hides itself and its proceedings from the remainder of the world in a secrecy which, all natives alike desiring the same protection, it is not etiquette to invade. There are associations whose bond is a disbelief in this or that rule of morals, — one such, for instance, admits, in defiance not only of Hindoo morals, but of Hindoo instincts, a community of women, — but the remainder of society, though as genuinely shocked as New England is by Mormonism, would regard it as a wrong to interfere, to search the obnoxious temples, or put down the obnoxious worship. The one cardinal law of these bodies, no matter of what kind, is fraternity against the outside world. They may hate each other, or despise each other, or kill each other, but on a society question raised by the rest of mankind they are united to the death. Indian society, in fact, to use an illustration familiar to our readers, is a congeries of sects, clans, families, or creeds, who live among each other precisely as the Jews of the middle ages lived among Europeans, or as the priest-hoods to this day live in Southern Europe. The facilities a system like this offers for vast conspiracies among a silent, reticent, vindictive people may readily be conceived. Wherever any one of them goes he is sure of friends, who on a society question will never desert him, or betray him, or refuse him any information or aid whatever, be the laws of the foreign or domestic ruler never so oppressive. If the society have an object, it will wait years, or centuries, for that matter, till it be attained. Why should it not? The object is its bond, — the commandment to seek that object will no more be forgotten than Austrian nobles will forget their rules about intermarrying. There is no feverish, varying, many-coloured European life to disturb prejudices or ideas once accepted; the children are taught them as things sacrosanct, and customs, hatreds, objects are handed down through ages unbroken and unweakened. There are men living in a village which bears to Calcutta the relation which Greenwich bears to London, cultivated men, men immersed in trade, who have never entered Calcutta, who till doomsday never will enter it, because it is polluted by Nuncomar's blood. That tragedy, a century old, is as fresh to them as yesterday, and will be as fresh a thousand years hence. A thousand years hence, if one of those families passed a descendant of Hastings, he would spit, turn his back, and in default of courage to cut



him down would solemnly doom the murderer's child to perdition.

Of all these societies, the largest, the most powerful, the most widely diffused is the Mohammedan population. Everywhere it has villages, towns, temples, serais, places within which no infidel foot ever is or can be set. Its missionaries wander everywhere, from Hyderabad to the Suleiman, and eastward to Assam, keeping up the flame of Islam, the hope that the day will arrive, is coming, is at hand, when the white curs shall pass away, and the splendour throne which Timour won for the Faithful shall be once more theirs. They have their own papers, their own messengers, their own post, and they trust no other. Repeatedly, before the telegraph was established, their agents 'outstripped' the fastest messengers Government could employ, till the vexed and puzzled officials invented theories about carrier-pigeons, dromedaries, a "voice telegraph," and we know not what. The simple explanation of the phenomenon was that the Government express was carried by Mussulmans, who carried the private news also, and allowed the private messengers to get on a few hours ahead. The news of our defeat at Chillianwallah was carried by Government servants, on Government ponies, fed in Government stables, straight to a native palace in Calcutta, twelve hours before it reached the Viceroy's desk. Every temple is as sacred from search as a harem. Every dervish, moollah, or missionary is a secret agent. Every Mussulman Court is a treasury to be drawn on if Islam is in need. All this organization, which has always existed, has of late years been drawn closer, partly by the Mutiny, which taught the priests their hold over the soldiery, partly by the expiration of the "century of expiation" by which Mussulman doctors explain the Infidel rule, partly by the marvellous revival of the Puritan element in Mohammedanism itself. The old hereditary purpose to expel the Infidel when possible has become a definite plan of insurrection at the first favourable chance, which chance, it is settled, is to be the descent of the green flag from beyond the Suleiman. This may happen any day, should a momentary defeat of our power in the hills tempt the Afghan Emir to proclaim a holy war, as the recently defeated pretender, Azim Khan, — a person whom half India urged Sir John Lawrence to acknowledge, — had solemnly promised to do. With such a promise before them, we do not wonder that the Mussulmans of Bengal are subscribing, or even that they

are paying in Behar a sixpenny income-tax to the temples, under a pledge of receiving their lands rent-free when the day of triumph arrives. Intermediately, they have little or nothing to fear. The Government of India wisely abstains from any attempt to regulate the social life of two hundred millions of men; white officials in Bengal usually number about two per million; the natives will not peach, except under temptation or pressure, for insurrection is in a way the national cause, and in a district like Dacca, where Mohammed gains thousands of converts every year, a Holy War might be preached every Sunday in every mosque, and a "Sacred Rent" be accumulated for years, without any official ever heaving of such occurrences. Even when warned, Government can do very little. It cannot arrest Mussulman missionaries while Christians are preaching at will; it cannot stop subscriptions for Islam while subscriptions for the Gospel are published in every paper; it cannot arrest the Moollah for denouncing the Infidel while the Padre is denouncing the idolator. Its policy has hitherto been to wait till rebellion descends into the streets, and from that policy it has never, so far as we know, departed seriously but once, — in the great Treason Trials of 1863. Every now and then it lays hands on a leader, under its one despotic right, that of keeping a dangerous man in confinement without trial as "a State prisoner," and every now and then it collates great quantities of evidence furnished by spies, by traitors, by converts, or by stupid persons who do not see the drift of their own confessions; but the body of the conspirators could not be reached except by a crusade against Mohammedanism as a creed, — an impossible wickedness, which would involve a religious war proclaimed by Christians on behalf of Pagans against a monotheistic faith. The conspiracy must go on, and the Government of India must, as it has just done, warn its foes that while it respects their temples, and refrains from interfering with their sermons, and does not consider subscriptions as acts of treason, it is, nevertheless, thoroughly aware of all that is intended. It is not very pleasant for people with relatives and friends in India to know that some ten or twelve millions of British subjects are plotting, and preaching, and subscribing in support of a massacre of all white men; that the country is traversed daily by hundreds of fakers, each of whom is an emissary of rebellion; that thousands of swordsmen are only waiting the signal for a rush

on the Europeans; but those are the conditions on which life is lived in India, and there is, in such a society, no remedy except publicity. We cannot arrest millions, nor ought we to remain in India, if the condition of safety is a permanent crusade against one-fifth of the subject population. All we can do is to warn the intriguers that their names are known; that "their centres, the railway station of Pakour, in Nagpore, and Surujghur, in Patna," are under surveillance; that their taxation is strictly watched, and that the first effect of their conspiracy has been to treble the force employed against their allies on the Suleiman. This warning has been very cleverly given, and though the conspiracy will probably go on, much of the heart will be taken out of the leaders, to whom this defiant publicity will suggest the Viceroy's consciousness of irresistible strength.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### MEN AND GENTLEMEN.

WE have no doubt that we have, some time or other before now, commented on the marked differences between our own habits and those of the ancient commonwealths with regard to the ways of describing and addressing particular persons. It comes briefly to this, that we cannot, except in the familiarity of private intercourse, speak of a man without using some sort of title, be it Lord, Sir, or plain Mr., while a Greek or a Roman was simply called by his name. Closely connected with this is the difference in the way of addressing bodies of men, and in speaking of persons when the name is not mentioned. A Greek addressed his hearers as "Men"—*ἀνδρες*. To this he might add any qualification of nationality or office that might be needed; they might be Men of Athens, Men and Judges, or, as in the New Testament, Men, Brethren, and Fathers, but "Men" is the universal address, whatever qualifications may be added. Roman usage in this, as in the case of proper names, came one degree nearer to modern usage. Pericles could be called nothing but Pericles, whoever it was that spoke to or of him. But Cæsar might be called Caius, Julius, or Cæsar, and Caius, Julius, and Cæsar were each proper ways to speak to or of him, according to the time, the place, and the person speaking. So a Roman orator never addresses his hearers as "Men"; the formula is never "Viri," either alone or joined, like

*ἀνδρες* with anything else. Romans are addressed as "Quirites," "Judices," "Com-militones," "Patres Conscripti," never as "Viri." This is quite in conformity with the far higher regard paid at Rome as compared with Athens to rank and office of every kind. In the Athenian form of address the common humanity of the speaker and his hearers is the thing which is put most prominently forward; the official description is something secondary. In the Roman form of address the official description is everything, and the common humanity is not put forward at all. This is not exactly the same as the modern style of address, but we feel that we are one step nearer to it than we were among the Greeks. There is no word in Latin, any more than in Greek, which exactly translates the English word "Gentleman"; but we feel that when the official description, the complimentary description, is the one which is mainly dwelt upon, we are on the road to the state of things in which the gentleman displaces the man. There is certainly something very odd in the custom which, among all or most modern European nations, requires an assembly to be addressed, and in many cases an individual to be spoken of, by some purely complimentary title. "Gentleman," "Monsieur," "Herr," are words which must, even in the most inappropriate applications, be ever on the lips of a speaker in any of the three chief European tongues. Nay, the orators who, at the present day, can still employ the speech of Demosthenes, address a modern Athenian audience no longer as *ἀνδρες*, but as *κίριοι*. The English expression, if one comes to think of it, is the oddest of the four. "Monsieur," "Herr," *Κίριος*, are instances of the custom, borrowed most likely from the East, by which it is thought courteous for the speaker to talk of himself as a servant, and of the person to whom he speaks as his lord. In English the word "lord" has gained a more definite political sense than the words which answer to it in other languages. No assembly therefore is addressed as "My Lords," except that assembly to which that title belongs as a matter of strict political right. Yet the old form of address, "My masters," is a translation almost as literal of "Messieurs" and "Meine Herren." Modern English usage, however, requires that nearly every kind of assembly which is addressed directly—for the House of Commons is addressed indirectly—should be addressed by a title which is, properly speaking, the description of a particular class of society to which, in most cases, the mass of the assembly ad-

dressed do not really belong. To address a mixed assembly as "Gentlemen" is in itself as absurd as to address them as Knights, Earls, or Princes; it is far more absurd than the conventional self-abasement of addressing them as "Masters" or "Messieurs." But usage calls for it, and it is not difficult to see the origin of this usage and of several usages closely connected with it.

We will not go about to undertake any task so perilous as that of defining a gentleman. Perhaps, speaking roughly, it may be understood to mean that a man holds a certain position in society and that he at the same time behaves as a man holding that position in society ought to behave. This last qualification, or something like it, is certainly implied in the modern use of the word. But it is very remarkable that it should be so. In itself the word "Gentleman" simply implies a certain rank, just as the word "Nobleman" implies a certain higher rank. But the word "Nobleman" is applied to a man quite irrespectively of his character. If the conduct of a nobleman be in any marked way ignoble, the contrast between name and nature may add point to a sarcasm, but the fact that he is a nobleman is not denied. But if the conduct of a man in the rank of a gentleman is unworthy of his rank, we do not scruple to say expressly that he is not a gentleman. Nay, we may say of the nobleman, of the prince, whose conduct is ignoble or unprincely, that he is not a gentleman. And, more curiously still, there is hardly any one in any class who would not look upon it as an insult to be told expressly that he was not a gentleman. A tinker would perhaps hardly say in so many words, "I am a gentleman"; but he would certainly resent being told that he was "no gentleman." And an assembly of tinkers would certainly expect to be addressed, not as "Tinkers" but as "Gentlemen"; and there are cases in which it would be expedient to apply the words "this gentleman" even to the individual tinker.

There is something odd about this, something even more odd than those usages in other tongues by which some extravagant title, Excellency or the like, is lavished upon everybody. In itself to say that a man is not a gentleman is simply to state the fact that he does not belong to a certain rank in society, just like saying that he is not a nobleman. No one would count it as an insult to be told that he is not a nobleman, or rather the remark would be so wholly void of point that no one would make it by way of an insult. Yet, as we

have seen, it is felt as an insult by a man of any rank to be told that he is not a gentleman. This shows that the word "gentleman" has gained a secondary meaning quite different from its original meaning. And the fact that it should have acquired such a secondary meaning may perhaps be explained by the general facts of English history. In England the rank of gentleman was social and conventional, not legal; it was an affair for the herald and not for the lawyer. Deeply aristocratic as have been many of our customs and some of our statutes, the Common Law of England has ever been democratic. As Hallam says, "it has never recognized gentlemen." There are only two orders of Englishmen, the Peer and the Commoner; a Nobility, in the Continental sense of the word, we never had. Whatever might be the fancies of heralds, there never was at any time in England the same barrier between class and class which in France distinguished the "gentilhomme" from the "roturier." And for the cause of this, as of every other fact, in our history, we must go back to the earliest time. When the hereditary nobility of the Eorls, in whatever that nobility consisted, gave way to the official nobility of the Thegns, the thing was done, once and for ever. The Eorl had always the chance of becoming a Thegn, and he has kept it ever since. The backward change which happened in Normandy and other continental countries never happened in England; possibly the Norman Conquest itself did something to hinder it from happening. The shuffle of landed property which followed on the Conquest—which rather perhaps was the Conquest—the confiscations, the grants, the exchanges, undoubtedly placed a powerful aristocracy of foreign birth in the highest rank of all. But in the secondary classes, the smaller landowners, the burghers, the inferior clergy, they had the effect of jumbling together people of all kinds of origins, noble and ignoble, native and foreign. This fact has probably had a good deal to do with hindering the formation of any such impassable barrier as separated the "gentilhomme" from the "roturier" in France. The law never drew any marked distinction between the gentleman and the ordinary freeholder. As the gentleman had no legal privilege, there was nothing to hinder a man of one class from rising gradually into the other. We remember being struck years ago with the gradual rise of a Northamptonshire family in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The parish church contains the tombs of four generations, de-

scribed in order of succession as "Mercator," "Generosus," "Armiger," and "Miles." The family is that of Andrews of Charwelton, one of whose members had the honour or dishonour of attending as Sheriff of his county at the beheading of Queen Mary Stuart.

All this has probably something to do with our English laxity in the use of the word "gentleman." It is an insult to refuse to a man, in any pointed way, a title to which he may not have attained, but to which he conceivably may attain. It is an insult to refuse to him a title to which we may fancy that he has no claim, but to which he may himself fancy that he has a claim. It would be absurd to call a man a Duke who is not a Duke, because the rank of Duke is strictly defined, and there is no doubt who are Dukes and who are not. But the rank of gentleman is not defined, and where the thing is possibly doubtful, each man takes to himself the benefit of the doubt. We therefore, when people are to be pleased, especially when votes are to be gained by it, not only distinctly refuse the title of gentleman to no man, but even directly allow it to men of all conditions.

But from this there has come a curious reaction. It is said that in some parts of America the word "gentleman" is so universally applied to everybody that the word "man" is beginning to have the distinctive sense of "gentleman." And something like this may be seen among ourselves. Men who have an undoubted right to the title of gentleman seldom apply the word to one another. If an undoubted gentleman uses the word "gentleman" of one of his own class, it is most commonly by way of special praise or blame, by way of asserting or denying that he is a gentleman in the highest sense. Otherwise, in speaking simply of A or B, he will commonly use the word "man." But the moment he gets among people of a somewhat lower grade than himself, he is forced to have the word "gentleman" every moment on his lips. He uses it if he speaks to an inferior of one of his own rank; he applies it to all those among his inferiors to whom he wishes to be civil. In short, to speak of a man as a gentleman is speedily becoming a sign that you really hold that the person to whom or of whom you are speaking is not a gentleman.

MONTESPAN — MAINTENON. — The two chief favourites of Louis XIV. — Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon — had agreed during the period of their intimacy, if we may believe Voltaire, to write, independently of each other, memoirs in which they were to jot down every fact of interest connected with the Court of Versailles. It appears that this idea, though never fully carried out, actually led to the composition of a few preliminary pages, and that Madame de Montespan used to read to her friends, during the last years of her life, some fragments of the autobiography she had attempted to write. It is a matter of regret that no traces should have come down to us of those souvenirs to which the proverbial *esprit des Mortemarts* must have imparted a peculiar value; but the Duke d'Antin, the legitimate son of Madame de Montespan, took care to suppress every atom of evidence which could give fresh notoriety to his mother's scandalous life, and the autobiographical notes were carefully destroyed. Many documents, however, still remain which serve to throw abundant light on the history of *Quanto*, as Madame de Sévigné used to call the fair and frail lady, and M. Pierre Clément has worked up these documents into a volume which is of considerable interest \* because it is really a chapter of the *grand monarque's* reign. Louis XIV. used to boast that not one of his mistresses ever distracted him from his duties, or influenced his decisions in

the slightest degree. The book now before us sufficiently proves that, whatever may have been the King's resolution, he did not uniformly adhere to it, and certainly the political history of France during the seventeenth century could not be studied apart from the life of Madame de Maintenon or Madame de Montespan. Boileau Despréaux, the stern moralist, used to laugh at Colbert, who could not bear to hear any one speak favourably of Suetonius. What! admire a writer who has taken pains to collect all the scandalous anecdotes about the Roman Emperors? Why, those are the very points, remarks Boileau, which render Suetonius so valuable. In the lives of public men even minutiae are interesting. M. Pierre Clément, adopting this view, has, without however allowing anything to scandal, given a very full biography of Madame de Montespan. His collection of *pièces justificatives*, which is both rich and varied, contains letters from the Duke d'Antin, Vivonne, Huet, Galignières, and other personages of the time. Louis XIV. also appears in this part of the volume, but the character he assumes is a most repulsive one, for we find him writing to Colbert in order either that the unfortunate Marquis de Montespan may be closely watched, or that the extravagant whims of the haughty Marchioness may be immediately complied with. No writer can make Madame de Montespan attractive, but M. Pierre Clément has certainly succeeded in interesting us about her history. A copious index terminates the volume. Saturday Review.

\* *Madame de Montespan et Louis XIV: Etudes historiques.* Par Pierre Clément, de l'Institut. Paris: Didier.

From The Saturday Review.

THE NOTE-BOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.\*

For people who care to see the nature of the raw material of novels and descriptive essays, these two volumes of Hawthorne's remains will possess plenty of attractions; but for others without this analytic and curious taste they are hardly likely to be worth more attention than is involved in a rather hasty turning over of the leaves. In the case of a consummate master, every rudest sketch and outline may well deserve to be treasured up and examined with a care only less than that which is given to his greatest pieces. When the picture is supremely good, the sketches which were made in its preparation are justly treated with all possible reverence. But is this the case with artists who are of lower rank, because of humbler aim? Will contemporaries preserve and posterity scrutinize the sketches of the artists who are painting pictures by the yard for the walls of Lancashire drawing-rooms? Probably not; and we doubt whether, on the whole, a very large public will be much interested in the preliminary strokes and outlines by which minor novelists made ready for their more deliberate tasks. Hawthorne's genius was of peculiar savour, and, however it may have been deficient in vigour, and in airiness and freedom, it was eminently removed from anything like vulgarity or commonplace. Yet he was unquestionably of the second order, and the world is too busy and life too short for us to give much heed to the preparatory flourishes and exercises of any but the greatest. Indeed, are there not some who venture to question whether even the finished products of secondary talent in fiction, verse, or painting, are worthy of much study or attention? The true answer to the question is that these secondary works give great pleasure to natures of corresponding calibre, for whom masterpieces are too great; and that if the end of art be to give pleasure, the fact that the pleasure is not the highest attainable absolutely, but the highest of which a given nature is capable, is ample justification of the work. And just as there is no sort of production which does not hit some mark, which does not please some natures, so it is possible that there are people whom Mr. Hawthorne's rough outlines and preparatory observations will interest; but they cannot be very many, nor is their interest likely to be

very deep. Still one may find an hour's amusement in watching the author's method of accumulating material, and thoughtless folk may be made to see how much care, thought, observation, and quiet labour go to the composition of novels which they despatch in a short afternoon, and often never think about again.

Hawthorne was evidently a painstaking observer of everything that passed under his eye, and he took the further pains, which is too mechanical and drudge-like for most men, of diligently recording it, just as a painter diligently sketches any figure or landscape or bit that strikes him, and puts it by, perhaps to be used, and perhaps to be laid aside and forgotten. This is perhaps an illustration of the fact that, except in the case of consummate natural gifts, it is the quality of taking pains which makes the difference between fine productive talent and the cleverness which never ripens into fruit-bearing. Hawthorne's keen interest in the people he met and the scenes that passed before him, in the loafers round a tavern bar, in a vagrant on the highway, in the constant changes of sky and foliage and wind, is a frequent, if not a downright common, faculty in men who never produced even the infinitesimal product, as Mr. Carlyle says. Intense sympathy with all forms of human character and life, and with the ever-moving face of inanimate nature, is assuredly a more general emotion than is usually supposed; for it is to this that all the most popular art—the drama and painting, for instance—conspicuously appeals. But, of course, the majority are too busy fighting the wolf at the door to be able to take much trouble to concentrate and incorporate this kind of sympathy, while those who have leisure are as often as not ruined by that very leisure, and drawn aside from laborious habit. It is no easy thing for a man to get into the way of recording at night or the next morning, in plain black and white, anything that may have struck him during the day; and it was just because Hawthorne had got into this way that he was able to outstrip men of similar sympathies and equal powers of observation, who had not the finishing talent of taking trouble. There is not so very much mediocrity in the world which does not come of indolence; or, in other words, the reason why most mediocre people are what they are is in their lack of will, rather than of capacity, to be something other than mediocre. It may be said that the addition of willingness to take pains, to an observant and interested temper, is a proof that the temper is more intense, and

\* *Passages from the American Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne.* 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1868.



thus forces the man to produce; the willingness to labour is not an ultimate fact, but must be connected with extraordinary and special aptitudes for the given field. There is some truth in this, and in many cases we may leave it an open question whether it was unusual intensity of feeling which vitalized the artist into productive-ness—a phrase of Coleridge's by the way—or whether it was some pressure of outer circumstances that stirred his energies. In Hawthorne's case we should be inclined to think that it was, in the first instance at all events, the outer necessity of producing which made him laborious and productive. Throughout these note-books we see many signs of this. They are examples of the manner in which an author builds up a fabric that he has been set by outer fate rather than by inward propulsion to build up. As a collection of materials they are very curious; all is fish that comes to the net, and the author seems to have got into the literary man's characteristic habit of looking at everything he read and everything he saw from the point of view of the use which it might one day subserve in his writing. Hence the most incongruous jottings. Thus, side by side, we read that "some chimneys of ancient halls used to be swept by having a culverin fired up them"; that "at Leith, in 1711, a glass bottle was blown of the capacity of two English bushels"; and that "anciently, when long-buried bodies were found undecayed in the grave, a species of sanctity was attributed to them." Anybody can perceive how immensely useful a museum of observations such as these would be to the author of the *House of the Seven Gables*, or the *Scarlet Letter*. The pointed illustration, quaint aside, and felicitous *à propos*, which strikes the careless reader as the happy inspiration of the moment, are in truth the labour of years in one sense, and this a sense which is highly creditable to the author. The repute of impromptu is a great deal higher among uncritical people than it has any right to be. Hawthorne's preparatory thoughts and observations are of very various degrees of merit. Sometimes they are excellent, as when he jots down the hint for the "punishment of a miser—to pay the drafts of his heir in his tomb," or the comparison of moonlight to sculpture, of sunlight to painting. At other times they are poor or commonplace, as when he likens a character whom a satirist like Swift has handled to a parched spot on which the devil may be supposed to have spit; or when he reflects that "no fountain so small but that heaven may be imaged in its bosom"; or asks, "what would a man

do if he were compelled to live always in the sultry heat of society, and could never better himself in cool solitude?" It is no shame to a man that commonplaces of this stamp come to him along with choicer things, or that he should on the spur of the moment, mistaking them for something better than they are, give them a refuge in his note-books; but we have a little right to claim their expungement by editorial discretion.

We get, however, along with many things of this kind, glimpses of those out-of-the-way paths in which Hawthorne's mind was always inclined to travel. He realized to a peculiar degree what vast differences are made in life, what enormous varieties of effect are produced by the slenderest deviation out of habits, sights, or usages, to which the ordinary experience of life has accustomed us. In this respect his note-books only confirm what his stories show. In his stories it is astonishing by what slight touches he charges a scene or an incident with a half-weird freshness—with what a seemingly slender supply of machinery he procures such impressive results. There is something instructive of his method in the paragraph about the "young man and girl meeting together, each in search of a person to be known by some particular sign; they watch and wait a great while for that person to pass; at last some casual circumstance discloses that each is the one that the other is waiting for." This idea must have taken full possession of him as one out of which something might be made, for we find it repeated. We see an outline again, in the "person with the ice-cold hand—his right hand, which people ever afterwards remember when once they have grasped it." Among other characteristic quaintnesses, is the question, standing unaccountable in its isolated state, "What is the price of a day's labour in Lapland, where the sun never sets for six months?" The next jotting after this tells its own tale; it is simply "Miss Asphyxia Davis." In another place, we find memoranda of names for people in stories, as "Miss Polly Syllable—a schoolmistress," "Flesh and Blood—a firm of butchers." There is something, too, very characteristic in the suggestion of "A Coroner's Inquest on a murdered man, the gathering of the jury to be described, and the character of its members—some with secret guilt upon their souls." One rather remarkable memorandum illustrates curiously Hawthorne's readiness to see mystery. He watched "a ground-sparrow's nest in the slope of a bank, brought to view by mowing the grass, but still sheltered and

comfortably hidden by a blackberry vine trailing over it. At first four brown-speckled eggs, then two little bare young ones, which, on the slightest noise, lift their heads, and open wide mouths for food, immediately dropping their heads after a broad gape. The action looks as if they were making a most earnest, agonized petition." In another egg, as in a coffin, he could discern "the quiet death-like form of the little bird. *The whole thing had something awful and mysterious about it.*" Here we see Hawthorne's most striking peculiarity in a curiously marked form. Not many men would discern anything awful or mysterious in a nest full of callow young. Yet it must be said that Hawthorne's strong simplicity and minuteness of record awaken in the reader a depth of impression corresponding to that which the sight made upon himself.

The note-books contain ample record of the close observation which Hawthorne paid to incidents in the landscape, atmosphere, sky, vegetation, and the like. So minute a care can only have come from a proportionately intense feeling for nature. Jottings on points of this kind take a place in Hawthorne's note-books which in the diary of a man of another sort would be given to the state of the writer's own sensations and physical impressions. Many days he appears to have thought nothing worthy of notice or record except these natural occurrences. What passes unobserved or unanalysed by the mass is to him worthy of all manner of careful statement; "a windy day," for example, "with wind north-west, and with a prevalence of dull grey clouds over the sky, but with lively, quick glimpses of sunshine." An adjacent mountain, clad with the foliage in its autumn hues, "looked like a headless Sphinx, wrapped in a rich Persian shawl; yesterday, through a diffused mist, with the sun shining on it, had the aspect of burnished copper." And so on, often for day after day, as if he had been a landscape-painter, taking his sketches in words, instead of with pencil and brush. Sometimes a weird thought throws strange figures into the landscape. In his rambles he comes across a pile of logs in a wood, cut so long ago that the moss had accumulated on them, "and leaves falling over them from year to year and decaying, a kind of soil had quite covered them, although the softened outline of the wood-pile was perceptible in the green mound." Forthwith the writer falls to work, imagining "the long-dead woodman, and his long-dead wife and family, and the old man who was a little child when the wood was cut, coming

back from their graves and trying to make a fire with this mossy fuel."

Among the remains in the present volumes are clever and minute accounts of all sorts of men whom the writer met on his rambles, excellently done, and such as would come in admirably amid the action of a story; but, as it is, without a setting of this kind, we confess to finding them rather too numerous. They grow a shade wearisome, or, if that be too harsh a way of putting it, at any rate they fail to kindle a continuous interest. The pictures of Hawthorne's domestic life both before and after his marriage are charming; some of the passages being idyls of the best and most delightful quality. Yet even here, after a little while, we become conscious of the need of some more deliberately framed setting. In a word, they are graceful sketches, full of promise which was amply redeemed, and it is because we have the fulfilment that one may be excused for a little indifference about the raw material. Those, for instance, who have read the *Blithedale Romance* may be allowed to skip the pages in the note-books which describe the author's life at Brook Farm.

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From The London Review.

DR. CHAPMAN'S REMEDY FOR SEA-SICKNESS.\*

On board a steamboat, in rough weather, we once saw a newly-married couple, one of whom, the lady, was fearfully and wonderfully sick. There was not anything uncommon in the fact, but there was in the manner in which her infatuated husband (a young clergyman), who was evidently, as Michelet phrases it, *avide d'elle*, watched her with eager eyes, even in the paroxysms of her illness. It is curious what love in the usual sense can do, but the love of science, with the desire to lessen human suffering, can do much also, and Dr. Chapman has been as intent as the young husband upon the phenomena of sea-sickness. "Numerous observations of persons vomiting" (p. 51) have formed a necessary part of his study of the subject, and he rebukes, with felicitous irony, those who will not

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\* Sea-Sickness, and How to Prevent it; an explanation of its Nature and Successful Treatment, through the Agency of the Nervous System, by Means of the Spinal Ice-bag. With an Introduction on the General Principles of Neuro-Therapeutics. By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., Physician to the Earlington Dispensary. London: Trubner & Co.

question nature by both observation and experiment:—

"These pre-eminently 'scientific' physicians will demonstrate in the most approved scientific language that ice applied along the spine cannot possibly affect the spinal cord; and their demonstration is so complete in itself that it needs no confirmation by the simple expedient of applying a spinal ice-bag along the spine of a living man or woman, and noting the results."

Nor is this deeply-interesting pamphlet without its points of humour. "Case XIV. inevitably provokes a smile. On the 23rd of May, 1864, Dr. Chapman, being in the tidal train that had left Boulogne for Paris volunteered to apply the ice-bag to the spine of a gentleman who, having just crossed the Channel, complained of nausea. The doctor took an ice-bag out of his plaid, and placed it along the whole length of the gentleman's back. The latter felt much better, and "begged to be allowed, if possible, to possess himself of the ice-bag. . . Having obtained my assent, he promised to write to me a report of his further experience in using the bag; but up to the present time this promise remains unfulfilled." Now, even without assuming, what seems probable, that this gentleman carried off one of Dr. Chapman's ice-bags without paying for it, this is melancholy, and if the gentleman is still living and if this should meet his eye, it is to be hoped for the credit of human nature, that he will redeem his four-year-old promise. The following is not bad in another way:—

"In October, 1867, a gentleman supplied an ice-bag to a lady who was about to go abroad. Recently I wrote to him to inquire whether she used the bag, and if so, with what result. He replied, 'My young lady friend sailed to Santa Martha in South America, and was awfully ill; but the doctor on board advised against trying the ice! Case of donkey!'"

Sydney Smith said that the reason the Jewish religion made so few converts was that the rites of admission began with a surgical operation, and Dr. Chapman seems to have a sufficient idea of the dread most people have of anything cold applied to the exterior skin. A fine lady who will fearlessly swallow an ice to the injury of her digestion will flinch from the idea of a cold bath, as if it were sure to be mortal. Dr. Chapman prudently writes a whole section containing "evidence that ice along the spine is agreeable;" but one of his "cases" appears to show, in a really humorous light, the extreme reluctance people have to anything

cold on their bodies. In case XV., a gentleman, who had promised to apply the ice to his own back and report the effect, called afterwards to say that he had applied it to his wife's back. *Fiat experimentum, etc.* But, of course, this may have been an instance of self-sacrifice on the husband's part.

To be quite serious, mankind may be afresh divided into two classes—those who are sick at sea and those who are not. And again, they may be divided into those who know what bilious sickness is and those who do not. A third of one's fellow-creatures go through life without having ever been really sick; for that easy emptying of the stomach which occurs, upon casual provocation, to some people is as nothing compared with the suffering endured in sick-headache proper. Even this, however, must, we suppose, sink into insignificance by the side of bad sea-sickness. As far as we can judge, the only pure land complaint that gives an idea of bad sea-sickness is what is called "water-brash." Most persons have had some opportunity of observing this peculiar form of human misery; and we refer to it for the sake of helping the imaginations of those who think, because we laugh at sea-sickness, it is in itself laughable. It is, on the contrary, one of the most horrible kinds of human suffering; and even if Dr. Chapman had only made out his case empirically up to the lowest point allowed in his favour by hostile criticism he would be a public benefactor. But we think intelligent readers of his book will incline to the opinion that, even if Dr. Chapman's scientific generalizations should hereafter be reduced to some still lower terms, they must take rank as true discoveries.

Referring our readers to Dr. Chapman's pamphlet, which is so plainly written that the least accustomed reader will understand and follow him with ease in the two sections entitled "General Principles of Neurotherapeutics" and "The Physiology of Vomiting," we will venture upon an extract or two, which will afford a glimpse of the rationale which he alleges for his treatment of sea-sickness by the application of ice-bags to the back:—

"If we confine ourselves to the doctrine of Harvey as an adequate explanation of the circulation of the blood, we shall indeed find it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to understand how cold along the spine can increase, and how heat along the spine can decrease the general circulation. The conviction, however, has been deepening of late years that a variety

of phenomena observable even in man and the higher animals — phenomena in the production of which the movement of the blood is chiefly concerned — are not accounted for by the hypothesis of Harvey; and, in proportion as we descend the animal scale, this hypothesis becomes more and more inadequate as an explanation of the movement of the blood. Blushing, sudden paleness of the face, flushings and chilliness of the whole body, frequently occur without any corresponding disturbance or modification of the heart's action."

This is a familiar topic; and Dr. Chapman refers to other instances in which the local afflux of blood is so extreme — and so sudden both in its commencement and its cessation — as to be totally inexplicable upon the hypothesis of Harvey. Of this fact there can be no doubt whatever. The most violent conceivable afflux will occasionally begin and cease in a few seconds, without any of the other phenomena required by the doctrine of Harvey, and, as far as common eyes can decide, certainly from causes which are usually classed as "nervous." Now let us pick out a link or two from Dr. Chapman's *catena* of consecutive propositions on pages 22 and 23: —

"That when the spinal cord is in a state of hyperæmia, cramps or the involuntary muscles surrounding the alimentary tube, cramps, or even convulsions of the voluntary muscles, an excess of glandular activity and an excess of sensibility (hyperæsthesia) are likely to ensue."

"That cold applied along the spine will subdue cramps, or excessive tension, of both voluntary and involuntary muscles, will lessen sensibility, will increase secretion, and will lessen the general circulation and bodily heat."

The reader has now some idea of what Dr. Chapman's theory is in its bearing upon sea-sickness, and its treatment by the application of cold to the back. Perhaps it will do more than a thousand set arguments to suggest to the general reader that the theory is at all events not absurd, to remind him of what takes place when he sits with his back to the fire. But an indication is all we have space for. We cannot follow Dr. Chapman into the application of heat to the spine, or quote his numerous cases, but one of them, in which Mr. Ernest Hart is concerned, we will abbreviate, and we think its deep interest will justify us: —

"One of the most interesting proofs yet adduced of the power of the spinal ice-bag to increase the peripheral circulation is that afforded in the shape of its indisputable effects on the eye. I have been able in several instances to

improve vision to a very remarkable extent by acting on the spine; and in October, 1864, having accidentally met at the Turkish bath Mr. Ernest Hart, whom I knew to be devoting himself especially to diseases of the eye, I communicated to him the result of my observations, and begged him to give the subject of the influence of cold and heat when applied to the cilio-spinal region on the circulation in the eye his special attention. He kindly promised to do so; and, in the *Lancet* of January 7th, 1865, he published a very remarkable case entitled, 'On a case of Amaurosis from progressive Atrophy of the Optic Nerve with Epileptic Complications treated successfully by the application of Ice to the Spine.' . . . Her sight gradually declined; 'and,' says Mr. Hart, 'when she came to me she could with difficulty read No. 10 of Giraud-Teulon's type. The ophthalmoscope showed palpable whiteness of the optic discs in both eyes. . . . The pupils were semi-dilated, and did not contract fully under ophthalmoscopic examination, . . . I could give no hope of cure. However, after a fortnight of temporizing without benefit I resolved to employ for her treatment the application of ice to the lower cervical and upper dorsal regions of the spine. Which has been. . . recommended by Dr. John Chapman as a means of increasing the afflux of blood through the agency of the sympathetic.' The ice-bag was applied during five weeks, generally three times a day, and for about half an hour each time. She had only three fits during this period, and they were comparatively slight. The remainder of the account I give in Mr. Hart's own words. 'That which most nearly touches the subject of my paper, however, is the great improvement which has occurred in her visual power. At the beginning of the treatment she could read no type smaller than No. 10 of Giraud-Teulon; she now reads No. 4 with ease. The pupils are no longer dilated, although they act sluggishly. But a point of great interest is that the discs are now of a tint which may be pronounced natural; they are palely roseate. . . . From a physiological point of view, this is remarkable as an example of visible regeneration, so to speak, of a nerve in process of wasting from disordered nutrition. Nothing else than the ophthalmoscope could have shown it; and nowhere but in the eye could it have been seen, for nowhere else is a living nerve subject to observation.'"

It was not in Dr. Chapman's power, within the limits of his pamphlet, to apply this case to all the purposes of corroboration which it really seems to suggest; but it appears to us to be one of the very utmost weight and significance. We only advise readers who suffer at sea to get the little book, to give it a thorough, attentive reading, and, with such precautions and instructions as Dr. Chapman will give them, to try the ice-bag.

**EXPORT AND IMPORT OF BOOKS.**—In the year 1867 books weighing 49,814 cwt., and of the value of £610,538, were exported from the United Kingdom. The export to the United States amounted to £160,311. The export to British North America was £52,673; to the West Indies and British Guiana, £11,861; to Australia, £113,816; to British India, £43,639; to Egypt, £65,127; and to South Africa, £20,865. The export to the continent of Europe includes—France, £43,535; Hamburg, £13,160; Holland, £10,710; Italy, £21,879. The export of English books has increased much of late. The export to France in 1864 reached only £11,357. The entire export of books from this country was then only 84,087 cwt. of the value of £466,485. At that time the American demand had fallen below half that of 1867. The export of books from the United Kingdom was 30,501 cwt. in 1857, and almost precisely the same in 1861; it was 32,892 cwt. in 1863; in 1865 it was 39,528 cwt.; in 1866, 48,581 cwt.; and in 1867, 49,814 cwt. Our import of books is very much smaller than our export. In 1860 the quantity imported was only 6,517 cwt.; in 1863, 6,924 cwt.; in 1864, 8,089 cwt.; in 1866, 8,789 cwt.; in 1867, 10,272 cwt., of the value of £122,717, or one-fifth of the export. The chief import is from France, from whence we received in 1867 books of the value of £49,245. So long ago as 1850 our import of books from France exceeded £33,000 in value, then subject to an import duty of above £1,700. The import from Holland has risen from £7,000 in 1859 to £10,740 in 1867; from Hamburg it has advanced from £20,455 to £34,199; Belgium, £5,150 to £8,065. The import of books from the United States is returned at £12,203 in 1859, and only £7,618 in 1866, and £7,552 in 1867.

Public Opinion.

SOME odd proposals have been made from time to time about the erection of monuments to certain distinguished individuals; but who ever thought of one for Robinson Crusoe? The officers of one of her Majesty's ships, however, have resolved to place a tablet on the Island of Juan Fernandez, bearing the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF  
ALEXANDER SELKIRK,  
MARINER.

A native of Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland,  
Who lived on this island, in complete  
solitude, for four years and four months.

He was landed from the *Cinque Ports* galley, 96 tons,  
18 guns, A. D. 1704, and was taken off in the  
*Duke* privateer, 12th February, 1709.

He died Lieutenant of H. M. S. *Weymouth*,  
A. D. 1723, aged 47 years.

This tablet is erected near Selkirk's look-out  
By COMMODORE POWELL and the OFFICERS  
of H. M. S. *Topaze*, A. D. 1868.

**NEW METAL FOR RAILS.**—An improved metal for the manufacture of rails has been proposed, consisting, observes the *Mining Journal*, of iron, with an admixture of chrome ore. It has long been known that an alloy of about 40 per cent. of iron and 60 per cent. of chromium scratches glass almost as deeply as the diamond; and Frey has stated that an alloy of iron and chromium may be formed by heating in the blast-furnace oxide of chromium and metallic iron. It resembles cast-iron, and scratches the hardest bodies, even hardened steel. Experiments are now being made at four of the largest rail mills in the United States, in order to test the value of an alloy of chrome ore and manganese, with the iron in the puddling-furnace, for hardening rail heads, and with every prospect of a successful result. Other experiments are being made to test the value of the process for the purpose of hardening plough castings, railroad car wheels, and other articles of iron fabrication, where there is great wear from friction and requiring to be made very hard. As there has long been much difficulty in obtaining a market for much of the chrome ore raised in Great Britain and her colonies, the proposition is regarded with great interest. Public Opinion.

**MR. CARLYLE AND THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.**—Mr. Carlyle, ex-Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, having been asked to deliver a valedictory address to the students, has sent the following letter to Mr. Robertson, vice-president of the committee for his election:—"Chelsea, December 6, 1868. Dear Sir,—I much regret that a valedictory speech from me, in present circumstances, is a thing I must not think of. Be pleased to advise the young gentlemen who were so friendly towards me that I have already sent them, in silence, but with emotions deep enough, perhaps too deep, my loving farewell, and that ingratitude or want of regard is by no means among the causes that keep me absent. With a fine youthful enthusiasm, beautiful to look upon, they bestowed on me that bit of honor, loyally all they had; and it has now, for reasons one and another, become touchingly memorable to me—touchingly, and even grandly and tragically—never to be forgotten for the remainder of my life. Bid them, in my name, if they still love me, fight the good fight, and quit themselves like men in the warfare to which they are as if conscript and consecrated, and which lies ahead. Tell them to consult the eternal oracles (not yet inaudible, nor ever to become so, when worthily inquired of); and to disregard, nearly altogether, in comparison, the temporary noises, menacings, and deliriums. May they love wisdom, as wisdom, if she is to yield her treasures, must be loved, piously, valiantly, humbly, beyond life itself, or the prizes of life, with all one's heart and all one's soul. In that case (I will say again), and not in any other case, it shall be well with them. Adieu, my young friends, a long adieu. Yours with great sincerity, T. CARLYLE."